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THE NEW YORKER

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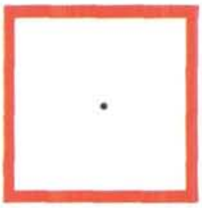

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—A surprisingly conventional comedy, with occasional songs, by the unconventional Melvin Van Peebles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Few musical comedies can stand being revived; this one turns out to be even better than the original. With Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden and lots of pretty girls. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. May close Saturday, Aug. 12.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Joan—St. Joan is a militant revolutionary who spends most of Act I in the East Village and most of Act II in the Women's House of Detention. The show, which falls somewhere between an opera and a musical, was written—words and score—by the gifted Reverend Al Carmines. Lee Guilliatt is impressive in the title role. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 13.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

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The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse is worth watching, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,110 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of

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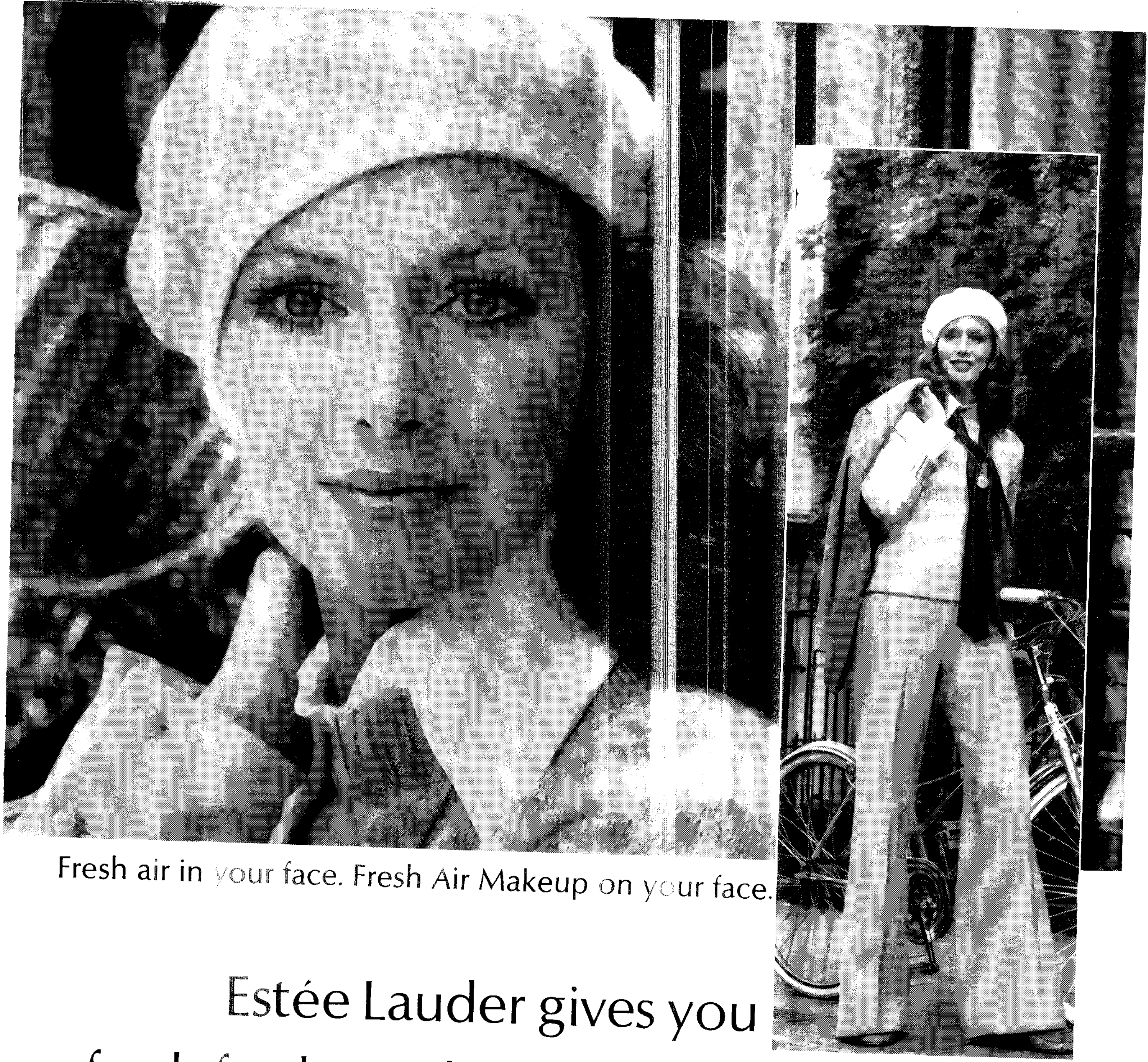

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 12.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Art Carney and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Aug. 9: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," "Unfinished Symphony," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 10: "Giselle."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 11: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 12: "Pulcinella Variations," "Fancy Free," and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 12: "Theme and Variations," "A Soldier's Tale," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Some Times."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Aug. 13: "Romeo and Juliet," "Intermezzo," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Sunday evening, Aug. 13: "Petrouchka," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Dark Elegies," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine and twelve-thirty. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Jesse Colin Young, a singer (formerly of the Youngbloods), will be onstage through Monday, Aug. 14. Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show come in Wednesday, Aug. 16. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

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BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Pianist and singer Andy Bey performs Wednesday, Aug. 9. Pianist-composer Bobby Timmons directs a trio Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 10-13. Music from nine-thirty to three. A jam session is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 9-12, and Monday, Aug. 14, Patti Wicks, piano, and Perry Lind, bass, will entertain. Beginning Tuesday, Aug. 15, Mike Abene, a spirited young pianist, will work with bassist Harvey Schwartz. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Duke Jordan plays with bassist Gene Taylor. Fridays and Saturdays, a drummer joins them. Music from ten until closing, but Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays are silent. The menu is soulful.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, one of the finest, is back at the Steinway, doing perfected pieces of music with a bassist six nights a week from eight until one. On Sundays, Ray Nance, that protean trumpeter-fiddler-singer, takes over, and the roof rises a bit. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 9, the Johnstons, a British group; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12, singer Charlie Chin and singing duo Kathy Flaherty and Jonathan Hatch; starting Tuesday, Aug. 15, Revival and Spanky Brown. The mikes are switched on at about nine.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this new little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, another duo takes over. Music from about nine-thirty. Snacks.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Guitarists Bucky Pizzarelli and Howard Collins are teaming up at the moment, trading sets with classicist Bill Matthews. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the sheltering warehouses. Tenor player Buddy Tate will be in charge of a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 13. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muryani, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Dave Van Ronk will sing through Sunday, Aug. 13. Buzzy Linhart (a voice like steel against a whetstone) arrives with some associates on Wednesday, Aug. 16, to do his own and others' moody songs. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, there is a showcase for new talent, after which patrons may dance to recordings until two. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Mondays, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Wayne Sanders is at the piano. Music from nine. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Saxophonist Archie Shepp, who believes in the power of black music and has convinced a lot of other people of it, too, will be here with a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 13. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Junior Mance, pianist, is leading his well-conditioned trio in Art D'Lugoff's well-coördinated house of good cheer. From nine—and between sets—Bill Rubenstein produces some neat pianistics of his own. Mondays, all the above musicians are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—It's bonanza time. Through Sunday, Aug. 13, saxophonist Charles Lloyd will lead a quartet. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 15-16, guitarist Larry Coryell will head his foursome. Chicago-bluesman Muddy Waters comes in with a septet on Thursday, Aug. 17. Sunday, Aug. 13, from five (before the regular session), sax man Noah Howard will present a quartet in a one-shot special. Mondays, the large Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band shows that the Big Band Era is not so dead as once was thought. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at *17th St.* (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson play Mondays through Wednesdays. Joanne Brackeen and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, *Seventh Ave. S. at 10th* St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some lively Dixieland every Sunday from seven to eleven. On Sunday, Aug. 13, cornettist Wild Bill Davison will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some trumped-up nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood: glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side, but the live entertainment often has a Caesar's Palace quality. Three times a night, Bourbon 'n Spice do pop material. Between sets, people move to records. Dancing begins at five. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Almost everything is on another level here, but that seems to be the point of the whole thing. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. A fairly full menu. Dancing to tapes from 11 A.M. until 3 A.M.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why three-inch heels can be seen shuffling about beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. On Thursdays and Fridays, Will Jordan fills in for Mr. D. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The summertime fare here is a potpourri of young singers and comedians, who supply continuous entertainment from nine-thirty to closing. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing nightly in the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex. Nine to one are the hours. Drinks and snacks.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—"Curley McDimple," the 1967 Off Broadway parody of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, is enjoying a second career. At eight and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays; at five and eight Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España depart on Wednesday, Aug. 9. One night later, the vivid Olga Guillot, who is far more than a tempest in a teapot, starts singing. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **flamenco room,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne spends Sundays and Mondays in the **café** with a trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **green tulip,** singer-guitarist Robert Miano disports himself nightly, from six through ten. Every night but Sunday, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** a violinist is on hand every night from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, Duke Ellington moves in his inscrutable ways his wonders to perform. He and his band are solely for listening, at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen; the dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **roof** is currently housing the Buddy Rich band. In addition to their dinner and supper shows, the Riches are playing for dancing, spelled by Anthony Terini's quartet, from seven-thirty to one. On Thursday, Aug. 17, the Woody Herman orchestra will become the showpiece. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Hazel Scott, pianist and songster, is heading a trio in the **penthouse,** from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays. No dining.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two each night but Sunday. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Singer Ben Vereen has the floor at ten-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Shorty Allen plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini is in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. A pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **the griffin,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Clem Artist. Her hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from five to one Tuesdays through Fridays, and from six to two on Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one. . . . **la bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from five-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **barclay hotel,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): Mondays through Thursdays, a brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink during cocktails on the Terrace and at dinner in the Gold Room. . . . **jack delaney,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Mondays and Tuesdays) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. . . . **carlton bar-restaurant,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **camel driver,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

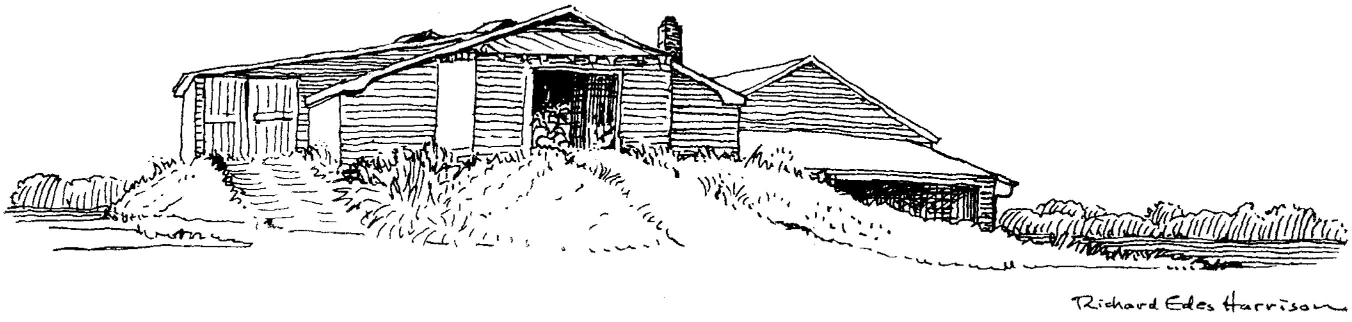
GALLERIES

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine watercolors, and twelve drawings; through Sept. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

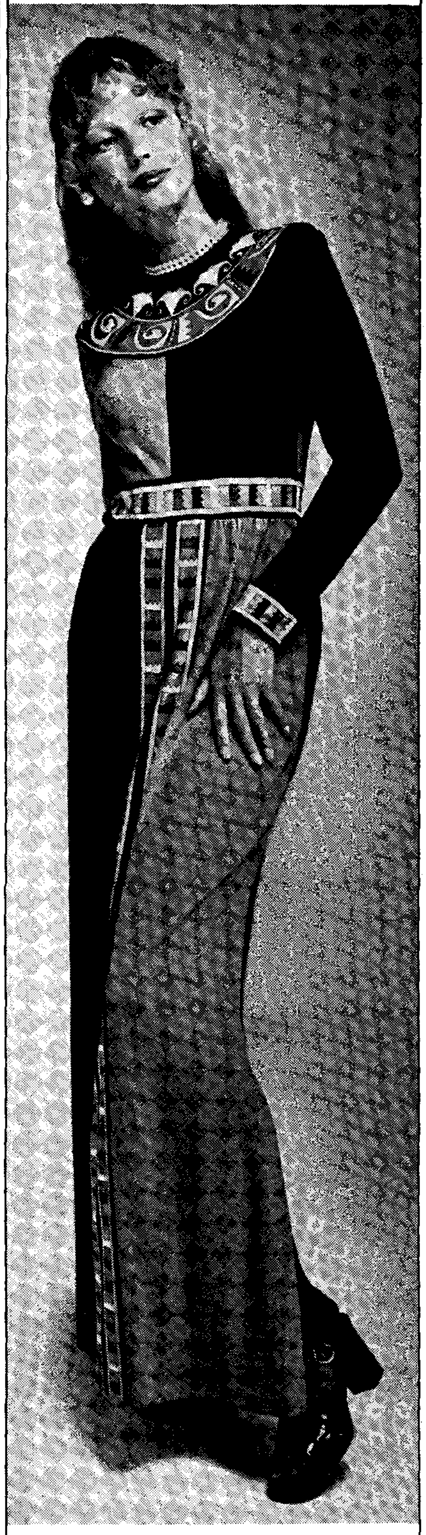
Giacomo Manzù—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Aug. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Joseph Wolins / Seymour Franks—Cubist-derived figurative subjects. / Abstract Expressionist canvases. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through Aug. 26.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Over three



Cleopatra's needle



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hundred etchings and engravings, including masterworks, from the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through Friday, Aug. 11. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: American nineteenth-century landscapes, still-lifes, and genre scenes; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St. . . . **BERRYHILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7, and Saturdays, 11 to 6. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed mornings. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.; open Wednesday through Friday evenings, Aug. 9-11, until 10. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4. . . . **WALLY F. GALLERIES**, 17 E. 57th St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Goya is being shown in the European Paintings galleries. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Collages, prints, and graphic designs and advertisements by Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948), a pioneer in collage, including examples from 1918 on through his last works, done in England; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE**: The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE**: A series of seventeen films, including premières of works by Jonas Mekas and Yvonne Rainer are being shown through Sunday, Aug. 13. Screenings at 8 Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sunday matinées at 2.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1888-1968), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Watercolors, prints, and drawings by Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent, assembled from the collections of the Museum and the Metropolitan; through Aug. 27. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show designed to survey the work being created in the craft field today, offering a multitude of both functional and non-functional objects in diverse mediums; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About two hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from Italian Renaissance masters to contemporary American artists, borrowed from private collections; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ A somewhat reduced version of an exhibition presented in Chicago of works done since the war by artists associated with that city and whose creations, according to the organizers of the exhibit, have qualities in common. The original exhibition was covered in this magazine on July 15. Through Aug. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of letters, photographs, maps, prints, designs, and books related to the career of Frederick Law Olmsted, in celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the landscape architect who invented Central Park; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three painting/collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Prints from the Museum's workshop; through Sept. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart and Bach Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestra, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 9: David Zinman conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10: Alexander Schneider, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Claude Frank, piano, in an all-Mozart recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 11-12: Antonio Janigro conducting the orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13: Henry Schuman conducting an ensemble in the second of two programs of Bach cantatas, this one with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 14, and Wednesday, Aug. 16: Szymon Goldberg conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Rosalyn Tureck, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 15: Anthony Newman in an organ and harpsichord recital, with Rafael Druian, violin, and Julius Baker, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: The Guarneri Quartet in an all-Mozart program, with Lee Luvisi, piano, and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19: John Nelson directing the orchestra in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Carole Bogard, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

Les Petits Chanteurs de Chaillot—Roger Thirot directing. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music—The first of two programs, this one performed by Samuel Baron, flute; Elaine Bonazzi, *mezzo-soprano*; Samuel San-

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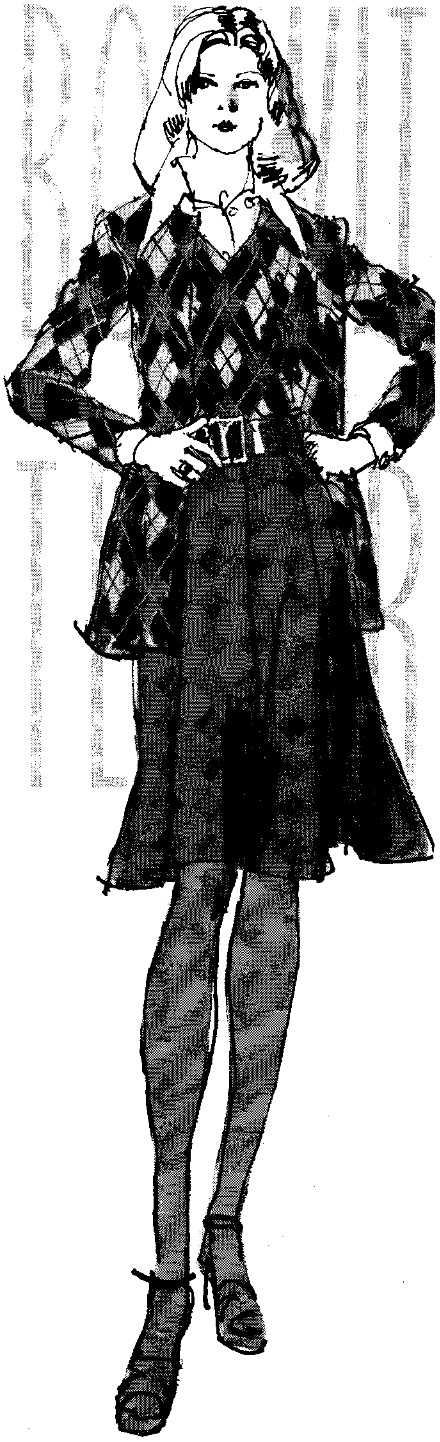


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ders, piano; and Robert Sylvester, cello. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 369-5110. Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 11, at 7: A piano recital by Gina Bachauer.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 9: Colin Davis directing the Boston Symphony, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and the Tanglewood Chorus.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Colin Davis conducting, with Miss Bachauer.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:30: Colin Davis directing with Richard Lewis, tenor, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 2: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 8:30) by the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center and Boston University Young Artists Orchestras, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas. (A benefit for the Music Center.)... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players Woodwind Quintet, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Weissenberg.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 8, with Deborah O'Brian and Linda Phillips, sopranos; Susan Clickner, contralto; Jane Bryden and Eunice Alberts, mezzo-sopranos; John Alexander, tenor; William Dooley, baritone; Saverio Barbieri, bass; the St. Paul's School Boy Choir; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a four-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 26—Wednesday, Aug. 9: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos directing a Schubert-Orff program, with Ruth Welting, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Peter Binder, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10: Franz Allers directing a program of music by Lerner and Loewe and acting as narrator, with Joy Clements, soprano; John Walker, tenor; John Reardon; baritone; and the Capitol Hill Choral Society.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 11: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12: Seiji Ozawa conducting another varied program; no soloists.... [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Emerson, Lake & Palmer on Sunday, Aug. 13, and by the World's Greatest Jazz Band on Monday, Aug. 14.]... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 16: Aldo Ceccato conducting a varied program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: James Levine conducting a Berlioz-Rachmaninoff program, with Van Cliburn, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18: Eugene Ormandy directing a program of American music, with Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Stephen Charry, boy alto; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: William Smith conducting an all-Brubeck program, with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Chris Brubeck, and the New Heavenly Blue. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 10. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Final performances—Saturday, Aug. 12, at 6: Taj Mahal and Linda Ronstadt.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 6: Tom Rush and Quarry. (Lenox, Mass. For tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 12: The Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 15-19: The Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company, Barton Mumaw, and Takako Asakawa and David Hatch Walker. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 1 (doubleheader), and Thursday, Aug. 10, at 7:30.... ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Aug. 11, at 7:30; Saturday, Aug. 12, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 13, at 1 (doubleheader).... SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Atlanta, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 15-16, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 17, at 2:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 19, at 2:15.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 10-13.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 12, and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 19.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. The Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 12, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Kindergarten, Saturday, Aug. 12, and the Signature, Saturday, Aug. 19.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12-13, at 1.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 14-20.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 9 at 2: "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Grace Kelly.... ¶ Aug. 9 at 5:30: "The Affairs of Anatol" (1921), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Gloria Swanson.... ¶ Aug. 10 at 2: "Fine Manners" (1926), directed by Richard Rosson, with Gloria Swanson.... ¶ Aug. 10 at 5:30: "Chance Meeting" (1960), directed by Joseph Losey, with Hardy Krüger and Micheline Presle.... ¶ Aug. 10 at 8: "Docks of New York" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg.... ¶ Aug. 11 at 2: "Kid Boots" (1926), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Eddie Cantor and Clara Bow.... ¶ Aug. 11 at 5:30 and Aug. 12 at noon: Max Linder and Mack Sennett films.... ¶ Aug. 12 at 3: "It's the Old Army Game" (1926), directed by Edward Sutherland, with W. C. Fields and Louise Brooks.... ¶ Aug. 12 at 5:30: "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom" (1968), directed by Joseph McGrath, with Shirley MacLaine and Richard Attenborough.... ¶ Aug. 13 at 12:30: "Shane" (1953), directed by George Stevens, with Alan Ladd and Jean Arthur.... ¶ Aug. 13 at 3: "A Kiss for Cinderella" (1926), directed by Herbert Brenon, with Betty Bronson.... ¶ Aug. 13 at 5:30: "Fine Manners" (1926).... ¶ Aug. 14 at 2: "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom" (1968).... ¶ Aug. 14 at 5:30: "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" (1920), directed by William deMille.... ¶ Aug. 15 at 2: "Redskin" (1929), directed by Victor Schertzinger.... ¶ Aug. 15 at 5:30: "Night After Night" (1932), directed by Archie Mayo, with Mae West and George

Raft. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2: "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" (1920). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 5:30: "Moana" (1926), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2: "Hotel Imperial" (1927), directed by Mauritz Stiller, with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5:30: "The Wild Party" (1929), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Clara Bow and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 8: "Adalen '31" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, with Sam Waterston and Kathleen Widdoes. The last in this season's series of plays by the company. Opens Thursday, Aug. 10, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 3. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE KING AND I, with Constance Towers and John Cullum. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

New York Philharmonic—Henry Lewis is conducting the final (all-Tchaikovsky) concerts in the park, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people: CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 8:30. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S NORTH MEADOW, Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8:30. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 9-11, and Sunday, Aug. 13, at 8.)

Central Park Mall—Marisa Galvany, soprano, and Carlos de la Camara and the Ballet Español, with Myrna Gloria and singer-guitarist Manuel Molina. The last in a series of concerts. (Monday, Aug. 14, at 7; rain date, Aug. 15.)

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 9: Peggy Lee. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11: Quicksilver Messenger Service and Bull Angus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12: Tom Rush, David Blue, and Pamela Polland. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 14: Steppenwolf, with John Kay and Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 16: Bette Midler, Gun Hill Road, and Moogy & the Rhythm Kings. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18: George Carlin and Jim Dawson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. (Evenings at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Bryant Park—Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 12:15: Bruce McNichols. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 12:15: Sol Yaged. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 14, at 12:15: Ray Copeland. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 12:15: Howie Mann.

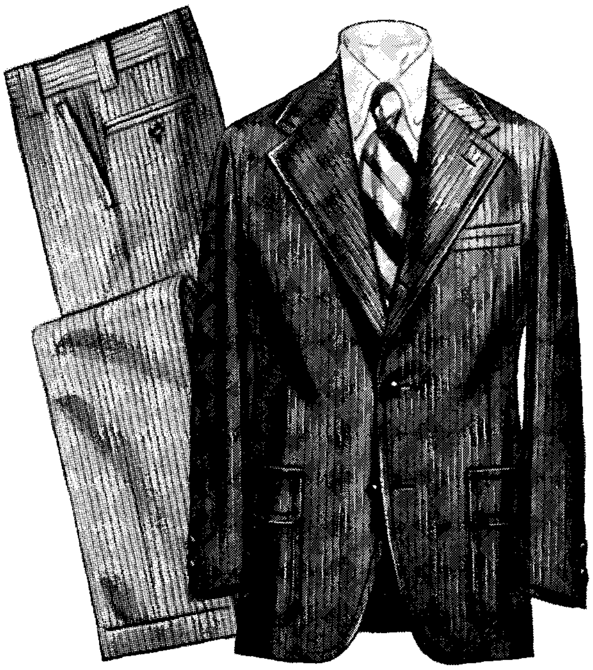
Gaelic Park—Monday, Aug. 14, at 7: Jefferson Airplane and Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 7: Yes, J. Geils Band, and Jo Jo Gunne. (Broadway and 240th St. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

Movies in the Park—A program of regular and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Wednesdays through Sundays, through Aug. 27. For program news, and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

Flea Market—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Saturday, Aug. 12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.



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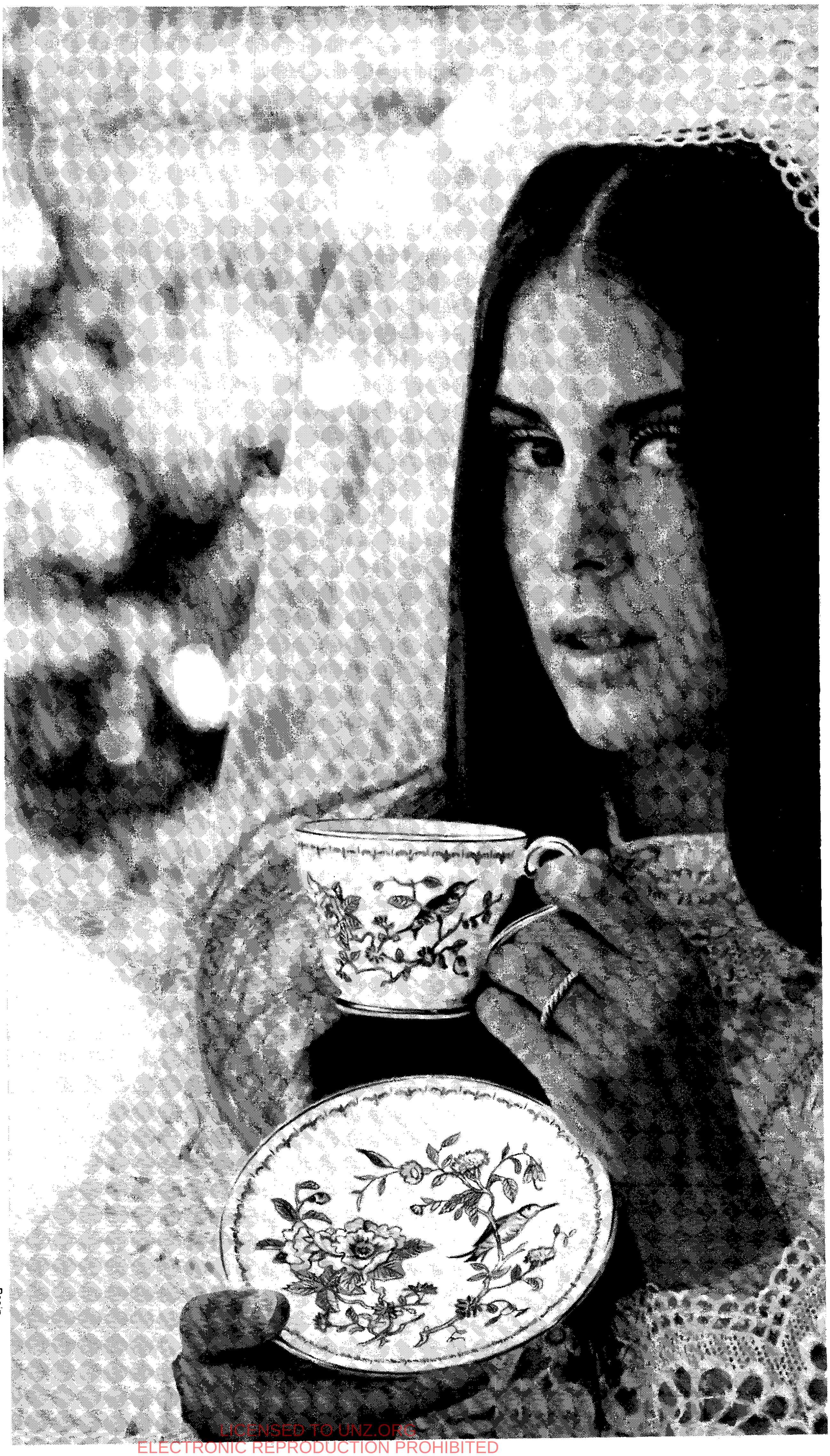

Pesin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Graduate."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 12: "The Singing Fool" and "Shipmates Forever."
Aug. 13-15: "The Belle of New York" and "Three Little Words."
From Aug. 16: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and "Sweet Music."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Aug. 15: "Fritz the Cat," "Putney Swope," and "Tropic of Cancer."
From Aug. 16: "The Concert for Bangladesh," "The Panic in Needle Park," and "Ned Kelly."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Cabaret."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Graduate."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Prime Cut."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Candidate."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 15: "Joe Kidd."
From Aug. 16: "Melinda."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Other."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Our Latin Thing."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Godfather."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (but Were Afraid to Ask)."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Aug. 15: "Junior Bonner."
From Aug. 16 (tentative): "Slaughter."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Aug. 17: "Shaft's Big Score!"

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Man."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Marjoe."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 14: "Nicholas and Alexandra."
From Aug. 15, at 8: "Pope Joan." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Fat City."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Aug. 9: "Sundays and Cybèle" and "The L-Shaped Room."
Aug. 10: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "That Man from Rio."
Aug. 11: "Alice's Restaurant" and "A Hard Day's Night."
Aug. 12: "The Damned" and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"
Aug. 13: "Carnal Knowledge" and "Darling."
Aug. 14: "Divorce–Italian Style" and "Les Carabiniers."
Aug. 15: "Blow-Up" and "Derby."
Aug. 16: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" and "The Wild Bunch."
Aug. 17: "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Shop on Main Street."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Public Eye."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 15: "If . . ." and "Friends."
From Aug. 16: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 12: "Slaughterhouse-Five."
From Aug. 13: "Alf 'n' Family."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Four Flies on Grey Velvet."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 15: "Joe Kidd."
From Aug. 16: "Melinda."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 15: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
From Aug. 16: "A Clockwork Orange."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The New Centurions."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Superfly."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Cabaret."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 15: "Junior Bonner."
From Aug. 16 (tentative): "Slaughter."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through Aug. 17: "Shaft's Big Score!"

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Cabaret."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 17 (tentative): "Slaughterhouse-Five."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 9: "King Kong" and "Room Service."
Aug. 10-12: "Potemkin" and "Alexander Nevsky."
Aug. 13-14: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II."
Aug. 15-16: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" and "The Overcoat."
From Aug. 17: "The Blue Angel" and "Pandora's Box."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 15: "Ben" and "Krakatoa, East of Java."
From Aug. 16: "Boxcar Bertha" and "1,000 Convicts and a Woman."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 15: "What's Up, Doc?"
From Aug. 16: "Snoopy, Come Home."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Aug. 16: "Butterflies Are Free."
From Aug. 17: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 10: "Cabaret."
From Aug. 11: "Woodstock."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Greaser's Palace."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Graduate."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (but Were Afraid to Ask)."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Salamandre."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 15: "Joe Kidd."
From Aug. 16: "A Clockwork Orange."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Frenzy" and "Play Misty for Me."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 10: "Late Spring" and Part V of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."
From Aug. 11: "Brother Carl" and Part VI of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Graduate."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 9: "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein."
Aug. 10: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
Aug. 11: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "The War Game."
Aug. 12: "Plaza Suite" and "Harold and Maude."
Aug. 13: "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" and "A Thousand Clowns."
Aug. 14: "Testament of Orpheus" and "Diary of a Country Priest."
Aug. 15: "The Thomas Crown Affair" and "The Knack."
Aug. 16: "Borsalino" and "The Shameless Old Lady."
Aug. 17: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "Nazarin."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Aug. 15: "Joe Kidd."
From Aug. 16: "A Clockwork Orange."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 15: "Savages" and "The Wild Child."
From Aug. 16: "The Concert for Bangladesh" and "The Panic in Needle Park."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofieff and a stunning battle on ice. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by the German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Elgin; Aug. 10-12.)

Alf 'n' Family—A British film, with Warren Mitchell and Dandy Nichols, directed by Norman Cohen. (Juliet 1; starting Aug. 13.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Beekman; Aug. 11.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Beekman; Aug. 16.)

The Belle of New York (1952)—M-G-M belting out Hugh Morton's operetta story, with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, and Keenan Wynn. Songs: "The Belle," obviously; "Baby Doll;" "Naughty but Nice;" "Thank You Mr. Currier, Thank You Mr. Ives;" et al., and very good, too. Vera-Ellen, in a thigh-length skirt, is swept off her feet by an Astaire who looks as young as he ever did, and dances you out of any dusty summer. Directed by Charles Walters. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 13-15.)

Ben—Another rat film, sequel to "Willard." A little boy gets terrifically attached to Ben, an unlovable rat. We are supposed to be moved by that and be scared of the rats, but we're neither. Awful acting, awful trick photography. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Beekman; Aug. 15.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Elgin; starting Aug. 17.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

Boxcar Bertha—With Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, directed by Martin Scorsese. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 16.)

Brother Carl—Directed by Susan Sontag. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 11.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim origi-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nal, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Music Hall; through Aug. 16.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Gramercy, 86th St. East, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through Aug. 10.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum—it's been a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 14.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beekman; Aug. 13.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (U. A. East, Cinema Studio, and Riviera; starting Aug. 16.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden. (St. Marks Cinema and Olympia; starting Aug. 16.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Beekman; Aug. 12.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete" in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Beekman; Aug. 13.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (U. A. East; through Aug. 15.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film, written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman, about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch, including many variants of literal and metaphorical castration fears. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color by Vilmos Zsigmond, who did "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." This is a foursquare movie, but a good enough yarn if you can forgive the holes in the plot and the surprising absence of poetic ellipsis. (Loews Tower East.)

Derby (1971)—Slow-pulsed documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making the Roller Derby a way of life. O.K., but pretty sentimental about a puny form of athleticism. (Beekman; Aug. 15.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 14.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni in a witty performance as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Beekman; Aug. 14.)

BARONET and CORONET

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Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (but Were Afraid to Ask)—*This* version was written (and directed) by Woody Allen, and he's in it, too. (Coronet and Little Carnegie.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 10.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach—Huston could no more miss great calibre in an actor than he could miss a great horse in a paddock—is an out-of-training boxer who thinks he is aging; he is just about to hit thirty. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. The Stacy Keach character is at a crux: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Four Flies on Grey Velvet—With Michael Brandon and Mimsy Farmer, directed by Dario Argento. (Juliet 2.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Friends (1971)—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Aug. 15.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; their voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Baronet and Paramount.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 17.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Art, Kips Bay, Playboy, and Symphony.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Festival.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 11.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Beekman; Aug. 11.)

Harold and Maude—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia; Aug. 12.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (1967)—Produced, directed, and written for the screen by David Swift. Robert Morse stars, as he did in the Broadway original. For once, the film version of a good and funny musical remains good, and very funny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 16.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Aug. 15.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—

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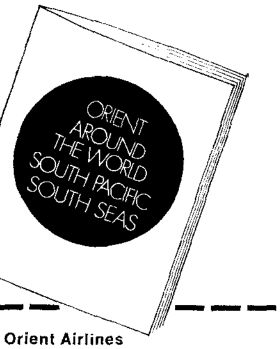

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NORTHWEST ORIENT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Beekman; Aug. 10.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Elgin; Aug. 13-14.)

Joe Kidd—A Western with Clint Eastwood and Robert Duvall, directed by John Sturges. (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Riviera; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Aug. 15.)

A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein (1968)—A documentary film. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

Junior Bonner—Sam Peckinpah's affectionate piece about the dead-and-gone past of rodeos, with very fine performances by Robert Preston as an aging roisterer of a father, Ida Lupino as a practical mother with a voice like a nutmeg grater and too much wisdom for her own comfort, and Steve McQueen as a roaming rodeo performer too young to be already so tarnished with disappointment but too old to be as easy a rider as he used to be. A depressingly successful other son has made a fortune out of all-electric trailers. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Aug. 15.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Elgin; Aug. 9.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia; Aug. 15.)

Krakatoa, East of Java (1969)—A Cinerama thing about a volcanic eruption that actually happened on Krakatoa, *west* of Java. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Based on the Neil Simon play, with Alan Arkin. Directed by Gene Saks. (Music Hall; starting Aug. 17.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 10.)

Late Spring (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose, set in thirteenth-century Japan. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a benedictive simplicity. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through Aug. 10.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Beekman; Aug. 17.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Beekman; Aug. 9.)

The Man—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the White House when the President and his high-ranking entourage are killed by a crumbling building in Europe and the Vice-President decides to keep to his wheelchair. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker President who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod Serling. (Cinema I.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. He wants to be sincere, see. He wants to be like Mick Jagger. All this Jesus stuff . . . The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and preserve-us humor. (Cinema II.)

Melinda—With Calvin Lockhart and Rosalind Cash, directed by Hugh A. Robertson. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Aug. 16.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 17.)

Ned Kelly (1970)—Tony Richardson's film about the Australian bandit-hero who roamed the bush in an extraordinary costume of ironmongery that once inspired Sidney Nolan to do a series of epic paintings making Kelly look like a medieval man dressed in rather serious saucepans. Kelly is played here by Mick Jagger; Jocelyn Herbert did the beautiful design. The movie is visually a series of wonderfully pure paintings but a narrative mess. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 16.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. This ghastly joke of a law-and-order film might well have been an Agnew production. (Loews Orpheum.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Columbia I; through Aug. 14.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (U. A. East; through Aug. 15.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Fine Arts.)

Our Latin Thing—A documentary on Puerto Rican life and music in New York. (Plaza.)

The Overcoat (1962)—Russian adaptation of Gogol's story, directed by Alexei Batalov. Gogol set the story in the early nineteenth century, Batalov in the early twentieth century, which gives the film a peculiar double-period feeling, and the photography is arty; all the same, it is a wonderful story (about a badly off clerk and the life of pawnshops), and the Slav sense of detail transfigures the film. Well worth seeing, and infinitely more delicate and less maudlin than the Wolf Mankowitz version of the same material. In Russian. (Elgin; Aug. 15-16.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—G. W. Pabst directing the flower-faced Louise Brooks, who does a famous Follies-girl walk across the stage in a theatre scene—all of four steps, but Pabst makes it enough. He always edited everything in his head before shooting. This is Louise Brooks's best-known film, apart from "Diary of a Lost Girl," also made with Pabst. In German. (Elgin; starting Aug. 17.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (St. Marks Cinema and Olympia; starting Aug. 16.)

Phantom India—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film runs close to seven hours in all; it is being shown by the New Yorker Theatre in seven segments to accompany successive feature films. Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (34th St. East.)

Play Misty for Me—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Plaza Suite (1971)—A malevolent and unfunny three-part thing by Neil Simon about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Thalia; Aug. 12.)

Pope Joan—With Liv Ullmann, Olivia de Havilland, and Franco Nero, directed by Michael Anderson. (Columbia I; starting Aug. 15, at 8.)

Potemkin (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical soundtrack. (Elgin; Aug. 10-12.)

Prime Cut—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (Murray Hill.)

The Public Eye—Mia Farrow plays the winsome California wife of a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston) who sets a private detective onto watching his young bride. She is actually nothing more than dead bored and youthfully mystical, raptly getting up early to watch the sun rise. Topol plays the private detective, a whimsical and very noticeable creature all in white, who never stops eating yogurt and cracking aphorisms. Directed by Carol Reed, who made a ghastly mistake to come anywhere near the tripping, spineless falsity of Peter Shaffer's script (based on his own stage play). (68th St. Playhouse.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

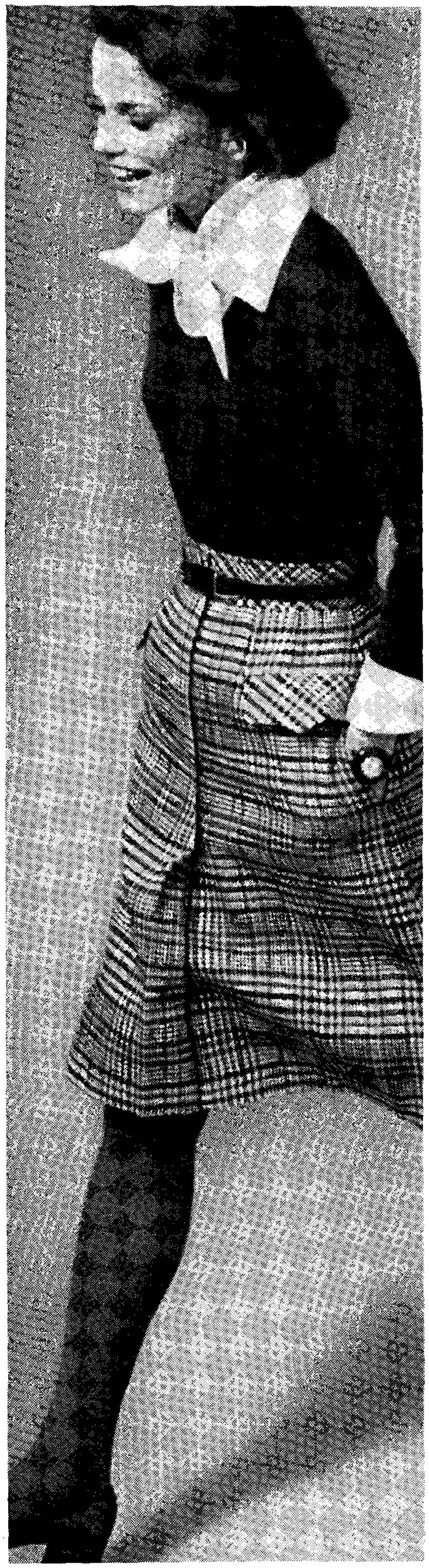
Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Elgin; Aug. 9.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in Northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Thalia; Aug. 13.)

La Salamandre—The most captivating and droll début in New York by a foreign director since Rohmer and his "My Night at Maud's." The film is Swiss (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger, who lives now in Geneva and has a fastidious eye and wit. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed,

"TANNERWAY."



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goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-keyed, lovable writer, Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity, and is not to be missed. (Paris.)

Savages—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and a peculiar erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Olympia; through Aug. 15.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; Aug. 15-16.)

Shaft's Big Score!—A sequel to "Shaft," directed by Gordon Parks. Richard Roundtree plays a black detective. We've heard that thoughtful blacks who've seen this picture call it a white hype. It has a peculiar chic and falsity to it, though it will probably do fine, having the most cohesive movie audience since the Depression. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 17.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1964)—An agreeable though thin comedy about how an old lady discovers the pleasures of the modern world after her husband's death. A little too lulling and gratifying; it encourages the audience to chuckle in condescension at miserliness and meanness. With that great old screen-stealer Sylvie occupying center screen for a change. Directed by René Allio. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

Shipmates Forever (1935)—Dick Powell for a hundred and fifty minutes. Enough is enough. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 12.)

The Shop on Main Street (1964)—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (Beekman; Aug. 17.)

The Singing Fool (1928)—Al Jolson, "Sonny Boy." Remember? (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 12.)

Slaughter—With Jim Brown, Stella Stevens, and Rip Torn, directed by Jack Starrett. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Aug. 16, tentative.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Juliet 1; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 17, tentative.)

Snoopy, Come Home—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The farewell set-piece scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild; starting Aug. 16.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 9.)

Superfly—With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

Sweet Music (1935)—A lot of Rudy Vallée—full of good nature and allowing himself to be the object of some buffoonery—in a minimal Warner Brothers musical that amounts to a lot of old-style shorts linked by a threadbare plot about theatrical, night-club, and radio life. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 16.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet, slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Thalia; Aug. 14.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 10.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Thalia; Aug. 15.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Thalia; Aug. 13.)

1,000 Convicts and a Woman—With Alexandra Hay, directed by Ray Austin. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 16.)

Three Little Words (1950)—Vera-Ellen and the invincible Fred Astaire in a musical that dabbles with no pain at all in the lives of the songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Astaire is Kalmar; Vera-Ellen plays his wife and dancing partner; Red Skelton is Ruby. Keenan Wynn as a theatrical agent has one of the funnier drunk scenes in the long repertory of comic drunks. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 13-15.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immortal Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

The War Game (1966)—The time is the near future, and a nuclear bomb has dropped on London in Peter Watkins' quasi-documentary vision of disaster. Generally considered a searing anti-war tract, though it's on the creaking-with-good-intentions side. (Thalia; Aug. 11.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Guild; through Aug. 15.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best: Burton's best is extraordinary. (Beekman; Aug. 12.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Beekman; Aug. 16.)

The Wild Child (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Olympia; through Aug. 15.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Ziegfeld; starting Aug. 11.)

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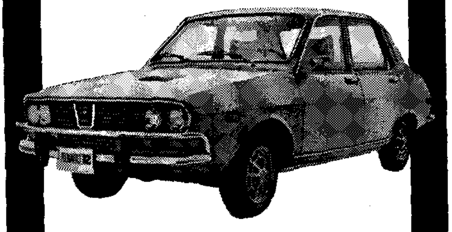

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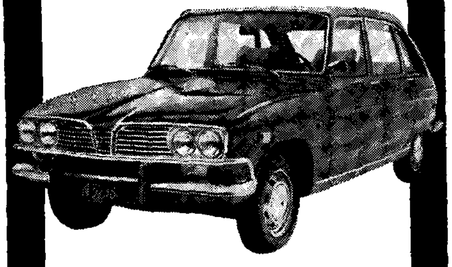

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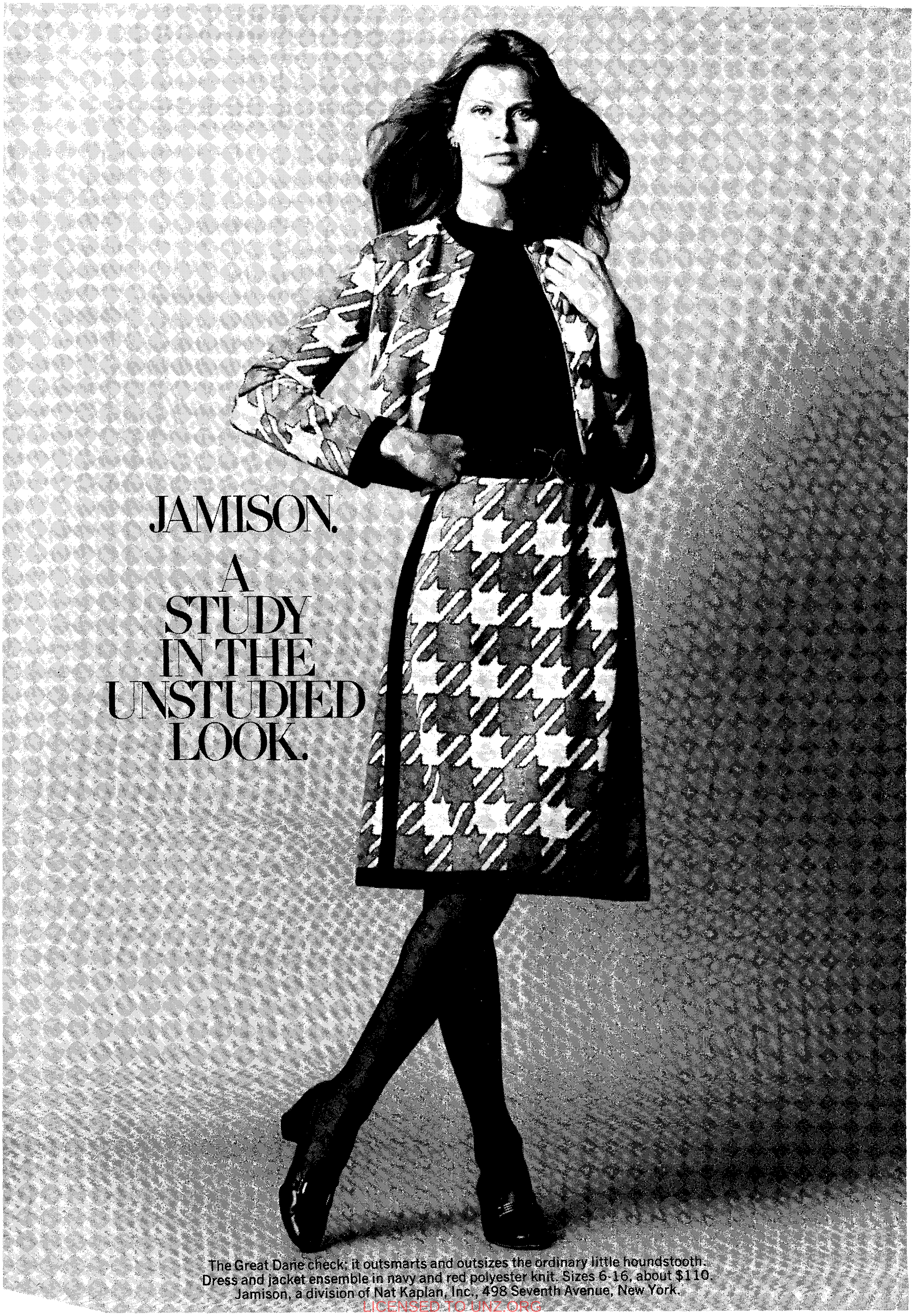
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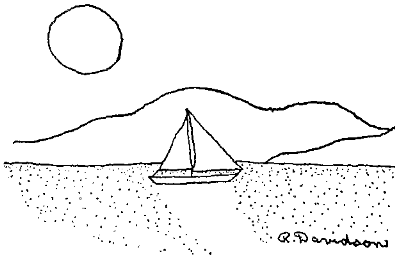
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

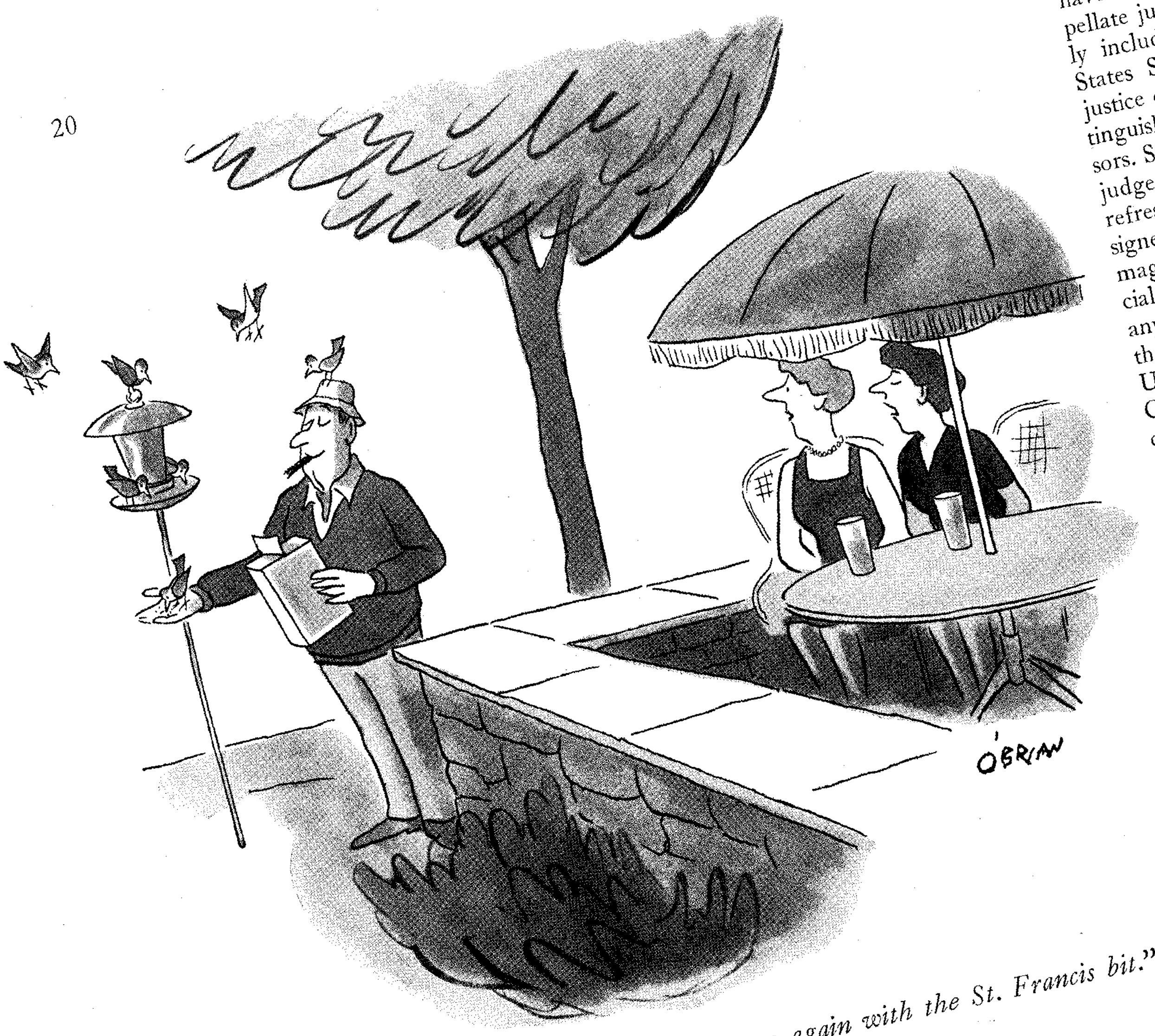
Notes and Comment

IN recent years, the national debate over the war and over foreign policy in general has been framed, as often as not, as a clash between idealism and realism. Political commentators are already framing the coming election in these terms, with President Nixon being seen as the realist and Senator McGovern as the idealist. The opposition between these two viewpoints was most clearly drawn, no doubt, by Machiavelli—himself a realist if there ever was one—who wrote, "The way men live is so far removed from the way they ought to live that anyone who abandons what is for what should be pursues his downfall rather than his preservation; for a man who strives after goodness in all his acts is sure to come to ruin, since there are so many men who are not good. Hence it is necessary that a prince who is interested in his survival learn to be other than good, making use of this capacity or refraining from it according to need." He also wrote, with a kind of frankness that is virtually unknown today, "You must recognize that there are two ways of fighting: by means of law, and by means of force. The first belongs properly to man, the second to animals; but since the first is often insufficient, it is necessary to resort to the second. Therefore, a prince must know how to use both what is proper to man and what is proper to beasts." Princes of many kinds, bestial and otherwise, may have found Machiavelli's distinctions useful in pursuing their aims. But we Americans seem only to confuse ourselves when we frame our debates in these terms. The distinction between realism and idealism, to be of any use, rests on a number of other distinctions, which are getting harder and harder to make. For one, you need to be able clearly to distinguish your own interests from other people's interests, so as to benefit yourself at other people's expense if you are a realist, or, if you are an idealist, so as to benefit others at your own expense. But in the most important matters today, our own and other people's interests overlap to an ever-increasing extent, so that when we hurt them we end up hurting ourselves, too, as we have done in the Vietnam war. You need also to be able to distinguish between what is real and what is fantasy. But many of the "harsh realities" we have been facing up to over the last decade, although they seemed harsh enough, were not real; the world Communist conspiracy we are supposed to be fighting in Vietnam is an example. Finally, you need to be able to distinguish between the possible and the impossible. It might be said that in Machiavelli's world there was a paucity of means, so a prince had to be particularly careful not to exhaust them in hopeless undertakings. But today we have a superfluity of means, and have to be careful *not* to accomplish many dangerous things that are well within our grasp. These may be some of the reasons that, in practice, we have shown ourselves incapable of making a clear choice between a realistic policy and an idealistic policy in any given matter. One would be hard put to it to decide whether we got into the war, for instance, out of an excess of idealism or out of an excess of realism. If anything, we've had an excess of both. With us, either seems to give rise to its opposite. On the one hand, we have the managerial and academic people behind the government scenes who take a professional pride in their suppression of natural feelings, or what they consider their "toughness"—the Pentagon Papers are an example of their work—and, on the other hand, we have the political men out in the open who build their careers on high-sounding phrases and grandiose promises.

Machiavelli wouldn't necessarily have objected to this state of affairs in itself, for he counselled, "One must know how to mask this [bestial] nature skillfully and be a great dissembler. Men are so simple and so much inclined to obey immediate needs that a deceiver will never lack victims for his deceptions." But the elements of Machiavelli's machinery of coercion and deception were coördinated and controlled to achieve some large end. In contrast, the elements of the machine we have assembled seem to be perpetually malfunctioning in such a way as to accomplish some unexpected, unwanted end. When we lie, the first people we fool are likely to be ourselves. When we turn beastlike, the first things we devour are our own limbs. When we put forward ideals to cover up self-interested moves, we end by believing in the ideals and letting them entrap us in impossible undertakings—and then, to justify these, we may point with pride to our own self-deception, and maintain that the brutality of our actions is redeemed by the purity of our motives. So instead of having a ruthless, efficient machine that serves our interests we have a ruthless, berserk machine that harms our interests—a two-headed monster at whose bidding the practical, "realistic" managers, cut off from normal human impulses, run amok in a bureaucratic darkness while our spokesmen disgrace themselves before the public with a sentimental and scarcely credible idealism.



The answer isn't to step up the idealism and cut back on the realism, or vice versa. In discussions of public policy, simply to identify any purpose as an "ideal" tends to discredit it. Just by mentioning ideals you awaken echoes of their opposite—the uncontrollable realities. What we need now may be not to promise, or to do, amazing new things but to hold ourselves in check. Perhaps instead of a new set



"Here we go again with the St. Francis bit."

of ideals we need a new sense of limits. The word "idealism" has come to suggest a straining after the impossible. In a time when our foresters are setting forest fires in Vietnam, and our meteorologists are busy making storms, and our bombs are equipped with television cameras, what we need to strain to do is to keep the impossible from occurring.

•

DOG-DAYS dialogue overheard at a Third Avenue sidewalk café:

CUSTOMER: How is your Beef Burgundy?

WAITRESS: There have been no complaints.

CUSTOMER: Then I'll have it.

WAITRESS: Very good. And what was your order?

Judges al Fresco

THE first judge we found ourself rapping with at the party was Justice Nathan S. Heffernan, of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. We were standing on the penthouse terrace by the bar, within easy reach of the hors d'oeuvres. He had a Scotch-and-water in one hand, and he was wearing a sharp outfit—a belted white linen sports jacket with brown slacks and white shoes. As he talked, we tried to picture how he must look when he is on the bench, personifying the majesty of the law. Under the sober black robes of justice, we reflected as we sipped our own Scotch, who knows what nattiness may lurk? The occasion that had brought us to the terrace and such thoughts was this summer's cocktail party for the participants in an appellate judges' seminar being held at the New York University School of Law. Every year, around twenty appeals-court justices—members of state supreme courts or federal circuit courts of appeals, together with members of Canadian appeals courts—gather here for two weeks for a kind of refresher course in appellate-judgemanship, which deals with such matters as court administration, opinion writing, federal-state relations, principles of statutory interpretations, and the nature and functions of the appellate judicial process. For faculty they have experienced appellate judges, generally including a United States Supreme Court justice or two, and distinguished law professors. Since the appellate judges for whom the refresher course is designed are of a higher magnitude in the judicial constellation than any other judges except the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court, they annually constitute as august a student body as is to be found anywhere. A noted international law scholar, Wolfgang Friedmann, of Columbia University, who has been on the faculty of this seminar in the past, once told us how moving he had found the experience. "I've lived in five countries," he said, "but in no other country would you find something like this—judges of such high stature humble enough to come together and act as students for a while."

The cocktail party is a feature of the seminar, and we have attended several of the parties, including the first, which was given in 1956. The parties, to which the families of the judges are invited, are always held in the same place—a penthouse on Washington Square—and they are much alike in atmosphere and quality. Where these parties are concerned, we now consider ourself a strict constructionist, for we like the recurrent circumspect conviviality of the gathering and the recurrent judicial shoptalk.

What we had got to talking about with Judge Heffernan as we stood by the bar was judicial opinions, from the literary point of view. Opinion writing is one of several subjects he is teaching at the current session. His favorite text, he told us, was "The Elements of Style," by William Strunk, Jr., and E. B. White; he also recommended Theodore Bernstein's "The Careful Writer." He said it was much easier to write a stylish, vigorous dissent than a majority opinion. "When you write a majority opinion, you have to express the views and preferences and doubts of all those judges, not just your own;

consequently, the prose is apt to have all the faults of committee prose," he explained. "One recommendation I make in the seminars is that judges avoid permeating their opinions with sterile terms such as 'the respondent' and 'the appellee,' and instead use the names of the people in the case. This makes the opinion not only more readable but more real. A difficulty, though, is that you can be drawn into being more personally involved than perhaps you ought to be when it is manifestly real people you are writing about, rather than abstract contestants."

We asked whom he might consider an outstanding opinion stylist of today. He thought for a moment, then said, "Let's ask Judge Hamley, over there. This is a subject that also interests him."

We put the question to Judge Frederick G. Hamley, of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. "I always admired the eloquence of Justice Robert Jackson's opinions," Judge Hamley said. "But as for judges writing today, I can't think of any I'd call really outstanding."

"I can't, either," said Judge Heffernan. They sounded a bit like literary critics lamenting the death of the novel.

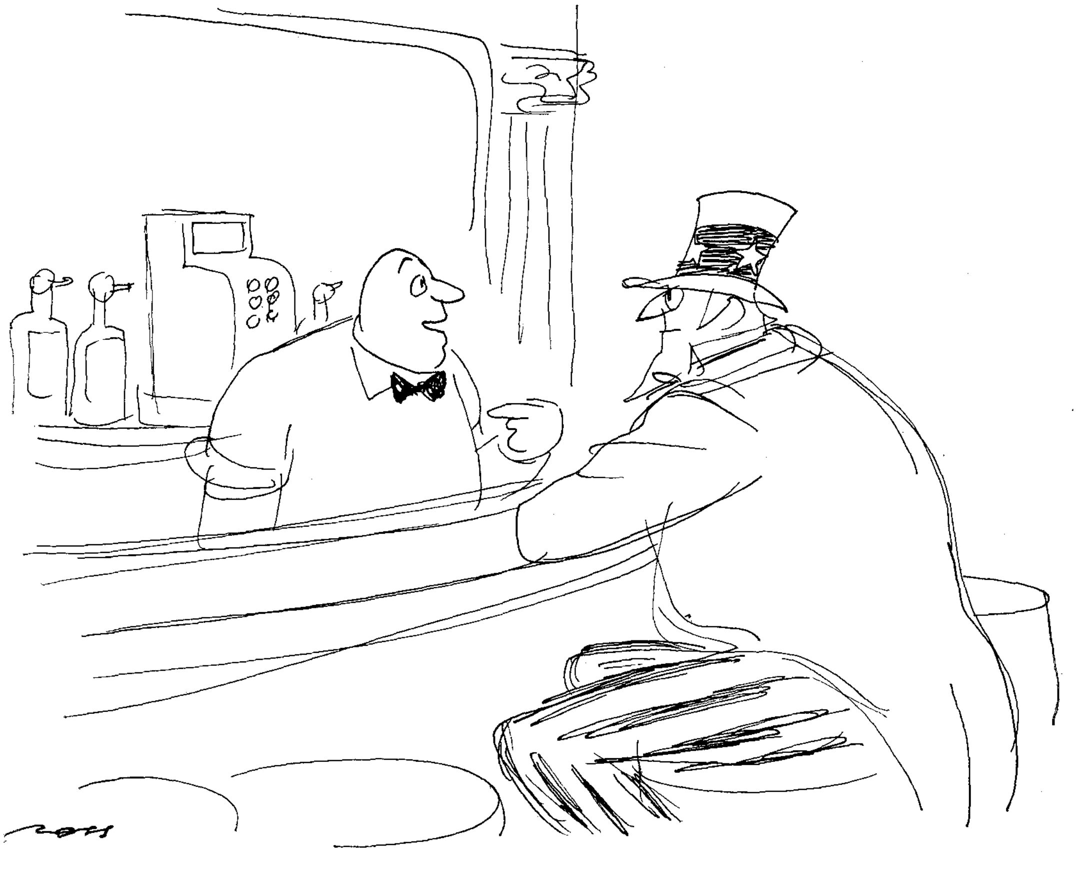
Judge Hamley was one of our acquaintances from former parties. He was wearing a dark-blue suit, in which he appeared very trim. And as we looked about at the assemblage it struck us that all the judges looked fit and lean—a remarkable achievement, considering that their main official activity is sitting. Was there, we wondered, some appeal judges' exercise sequence that could be marketed as a successor to the Royal Canadian Air Force exercise book?

At one of the early parties we had attended, Judge Hamley had been tagged with the nickname Footnote Hamley—by A. Cecil Snyder, who was then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Puerto Rico—because an opinion by Judge Hamley had been cited in a footnote to an opinion issued by a United States Supreme Court justice. We recalled the nickname, and Judge Hamley laughed. Judge Heffernan said, "I got cited in a footnote, too, not long ago—my opinion on the Amish case. Mine was a dissent. I felt that the children should be represented on the question of whether or not they ought to be required to go to school. The school board had attorneys, the parents had attorneys, but nobody was representing the children. They were being pulled out of school to work on the farm, in accordance with their parents' religion, but I wasn't sure that was really what *they* wanted. The Supreme Court said that it couldn't address itself to that issue, because the issue had not been raised at the trial, but I still think it's a significant question."

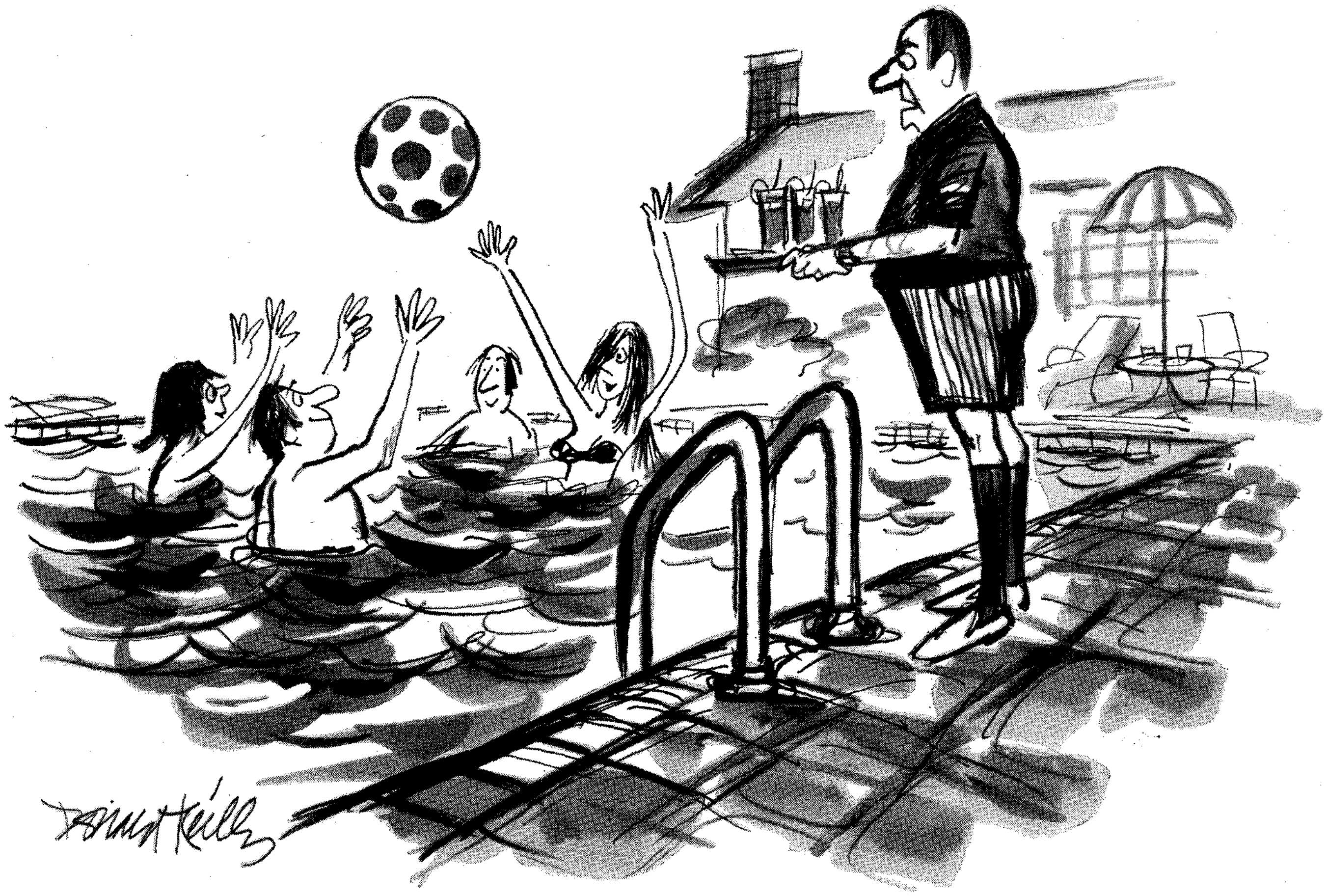
We got ourself another Scotch. We had some jumbo shrimps and some devilled eggs. And then some more shrimps. The party was going along nicely. Most people were gathered under a canopy where the bar and food were, but some groups were scattered about the terrace. It had rained earlier in the day and would rain again later but was holding off for now. The air was heavy with mist, which softened the outlines of the nearby buildings. Off to one side, a couple of attractive, long-haired teen-age girls were playing a guitar and singing folk songs to an appreciative audience. One of them, we learned, was a daughter of Justice Don Barnes, of the Oklahoma Supreme Court, and the other a daughter of Justice Thomas M. Herbert, of the Supreme Court of Ohio. We got into conversations with Chief Justice Charles J. A. Hughes, of the Appeal Division of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick; with Justice Hiram Torres-Rigual, of the Supreme Court of Puerto Rico; and with Justice John David Taggart, of the Court of Appeal of British Columbia. Judge Taggart told us that he had just been talking with James Hester, the president of New York University, which, as is well known, is currently having financial problems. "I told President Hester what a magnificent law library N.Y.U. has, and said I certainly hoped there would be no cutbacks there," Judge Taggart remarked.

We spent a few moments reminiscing with Judge Robert A. Leflar, a former justice of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, who has been the director of the seminar since it began. He told us proudly that by his estimate nearly two-thirds of the appellate judges in this country had now had the experience of taking part in the seminar. We also learned from him that so far none of the judges or members of their families had been mugged while they were in New York.

"Here's a judge I'd like you to meet," Judge Leflar said, and, taking us by the arm, led us over to a handsome, youthful-looking, fair-haired



"You mean you're asking me, John Jenkins, for my opinion on how to go about fixing all those things up?"



"Enjoy it while you can. If McGovern gets elected, we'll have to fill it in and plant vegetables."

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woman in a long beige dress of Renaissance cut, with which she wore a gold watch on a long gold necklace. This, we learned, was Judge Shirley Hufstedler, of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. That circuit, whose seat is in San Francisco, is the most far-ranging geographically of the circuits, being made up of most of the Far Western states, plus Guam and Hawaii. When we joined Judge Hufstedler, she was talking with Judge Herbert about the work load in her circuit. It was one judge short, she told him, and there was little likelihood of the vacancy's being filled until after the elections. Even with all judges on hand, the Ninth, like the Fifth, tends to be an overloaded circuit, she said.

We observed that we could understand the reason for the Fifth Circuit's heavy load, since that jurisdiction covers the Southern tier of states, whose legal fabric has been undergoing a fundamental challenge in our time, but we wondered why the Ninth should also be so busy. Judge Hufstedler explained, "First, the circuit includes, in California, the most populous state in the Union. Second, the population is the most mobile in the nation, which results in more conflicts, more collisions of a legal sort than elsewhere. A higher proportion of young people is to be found there than elsewhere, and a higher proportion of old people, and these groups have more problems than the settled middle-aged bracket of the population. And on top of all that, for some reason, people in this circuit lodge far more appeals than the law of averages would lead one to expect. Why they do so is perhaps not susceptible to scientific explanation, but that they do so is a fact, just as it's a fact that people in the South of Italy appeal more than people in the North, and so do the people in the South of France."

The party was starting to thin out now, as judges and their families began drifting off to dinner. We chatted briefly with Judge Barnes and his wife, who told us about a nostalgic stop they had made in Hartford City, Indiana, on their way East from Oklahoma. "In Oklahoma we're all air-conditioned, but in Hartford City they're not," Judge Barnes said. "People were sitting out on their front stoops in the hot weather. It took us back to the forties." And we had a few moments with Justice Robert Braucher, who had been a Harvard law professor for twenty-five years and was now a member of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Judge Braucher wanted to deal in *our* shoptalk rather than his—to discuss the question of objectivity in journalism—but before we could get well into it, Mrs. Braucher reminded the Judge that they had a plane to catch to Boston. It seemed that in Massachusetts there was a legal emergency brewing—over a challenge to the way candidates had been listed on the ballot in the primaries—and Judge Braucher was having to rush off to take part in a hastily convened full session of the Massachusetts court.

Making one last circuit of the terrace, we spied Judge Heffernan again. On an impulse, we complimented him on his belted white linen sports jacket, and asked him where he got it. He looked pleased. "In a store in Madison," he replied. "I've had my eye on it for five years. But it was a hundred and fifty dollars. Too much for me. So I waited. They reduced it to seventy-five, and I still waited. This year, they reduced it to twenty-six dollars, and I grabbed it."

Aaaah!

LING-LING and Hsing-Hsing, the two little giant pandas the Chinese gave us in February, are in excellent health. They are eating well, they are sleeping comfortably, they are playing happily, they are growing rapidly, and they are so cute it *hurts*. There has been a lot of speculation about why giant pandas are so adorable, and, in fact, Desmond Morris, the British animal expert, and his wife, Ramona, who wrote a book about giant pandas, compiled a list of twenty reasons—reasons that range from cuddliness of shape to lack of discernible sex characteristics. Well, when you see a couple of giant pandas, and spend some time with them—and we did this; last week we went down to the National Zoological Park, in Washington, where Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing live, just to see them—this puzzle clears itself right up. Giant pandas know how to live. When they're feeling well, they are entirely happy eating and sleeping and playing, and they feel well whenever they get enough to eat and have a nice place to sleep and play. This is all, no doubt, just as well, because it has been estimated that pandas in the wild must spend from ten to twelve hours a day eating; pandas don't digest their food very well, and their native food, bamboo, is singularly indigestible. On the other hand, where they live in the wild is in the bamboo forests of Szechwan, which means that they are completely surrounded by their favorite food, and what could be more delightful?

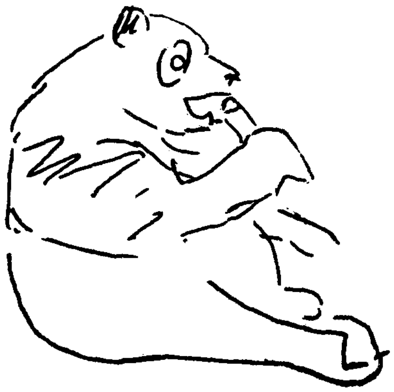
Ling-Ling, the female, is about twenty-one months old and weighs between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and fifty-five pounds. She was captured in June, 1971. Both pandas were born in the wild. Hsing-Hsing was captured only last December. He's now about fifteen months old and weighs between ninety and ninety-five pounds. The two pandas live in what used to be the bongo-antelope and white-rhinoceros house. The white rhinoceroses never mated in Washington, so it was thought they were not happy there, and they were sent off to San Diego, where they mated within a month. The two pandas are being kept separate. The zoo wants to mate them when they mature, which will be in two or three years, and it doesn't want them to get too chummy in the meantime. Also, pandas in the wild are solitary creatures. In the zoo, each of the pandas has a large cage furnished with a handsome log pile to sleep and eat on, bamboo for snacks, and an empty tub and a big white ball for recreation; one wall of the cage is glass. In addition, each panda has a big back yard and a small sleeping den, for privacy. Hsing-Hsing is shier and less playful than Ling-Ling, and spends more time in his den, away from the stares of people through the glass. The zoo people call him Junior, and also Shing—which is the way his name is pronounced, by the way—and, occasionally, Jughead. The word they have for Ling-Ling is Clown. The day we visited the zoo, each panda had a block of ice to play with. Junior sat on his, but the clown began spinning hers around and around. David Bryan, one of the panda keepers, says, "Shing might turn on one day a week. The rest of the time, he'll go back on his back again and sack out and be a regular Shing, but he's happy. Where Ling is just a showoff, a clown. She might turn on any time."

The pandas have formal meals twice a day. Here's how their schedule goes at the moment. They get up before eight. At about eight, they're let out into their yards, where they run around and turn somersaults and cartwheels. They go inside about nine-thirty, and have breakfast at ten. Breakfast lasts until about eleven. Then they go to sleep. Dinner is at four in the afternoon. Ling-Ling generally gets up about three-thirty and plays for half an hour, but Hsing-Hsing sleeps right through till mealtime. Dinner takes another hour or so, and then it's back to bed. Pandas are what is known as crepuscular in their activity. This means they are most active in the early morning and late afternoon, and most soundly asleep at midnight and midday.

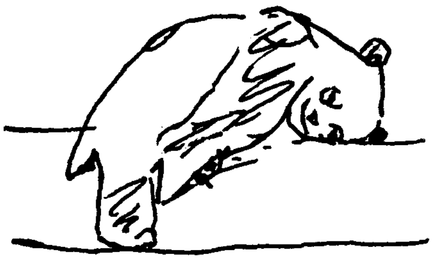
The pandas eat boiled rice with salt and sugar, boiled yams, raw carrots, apples, Milk-Bone dog biscuits, a spoonful of what is described on the label as "delicious-tasting ViDaylin-M homogenized liquid mixture of vitamins and minerals for growing children," about a half a can a day apiece of Zu/Preem Feline Diet, and, of course, bamboo. Zu/Preem Feline Diet is a canned food made for zoos, and it contains (we copied this off the label):

Horse Meat, Horse Meat By-Products, Beef By-Products, Horse Liver, Chicken, Whole Egg, Fish Meal, Brewers Rice, Animal Fat, Corn Oil, Brewers Dried Yeast, Calcium Carbonate, Ferrous Carbonate, Manganous Oxide, Zinc Oxide, Copper Oxide, Cobalt Carbonate, Magnesium Oxide, Choline Chloride, Vitamin A Palmitate, D-Activated Plant Sterol, a-Tocopherol, Menadione, Niacin, Calcium Pantothenate, Thiamine, Riboflavin, Pyridoxine, Hydrochloride Folic Acid, Biotin, Vitamin B_{12} Supplement, water to properly process.

Larry Collins, who is in charge of the pandas, says that this diet keeps them in trim. Pandas' front paws have an elongated wristbone that acts rather like a thumb, and they often sit on their haunches to eat and stick their food in their mouths with their paws. Here is a sketch we made of Ling-Ling eating a carrot. She had just leaned over and picked up the carrot with her mouth and then transferred it to her paw. Right after this, she dropped a piece of carrot and retrieved it with her right hind paw.



Here's what she looked like twenty minutes later (on the log pile):



While the pandas were eating, we talked to two more of their keepers—Curley Harper, Jr., and Michael J. Johnson. Mr. Harper said he thought pandas were "not quite bears, something like raccoons, a little like primates, and a little like cats." He said pandas resembled cats in their independence. Mr. Johnson said, "We're not trying to tame 'em. We respect their right to be wild animals. They're very content, very happy. They have no paranoia, no anything."

While we talked to the keepers, a long line of visitors was inching its way past the two cages. Almost every person, as he caught sight of the pandas, gave out an involuntary sigh of pleasure—"Aaaah!" There were a few "Oh!"s and "Ooooh!"s, to be sure, but almost everyone else said "Aaaah!" One Chinese woman asked Johnson to talk to Ling-Ling in Chinese. He said his Chinese was sort of weak, so she wrote down for him a list of phrases to cover every contingency. We copied the list in our notebook, and here it is:

ch'ih fan	eat rice
k'uai k'uai	be good
hao pu hao?	how are you?
ch'ih pao le ma?	have you had enough to eat?
Ling-Ling mei	pretty Ling-Ling
tsao-an	good morning
wan-an	good night

SLEEP TIGHT, YOUR HONOR

PARDON my buttonholing a stranger in this abrupt fashion, stranger, but would you happen to have an inkling you could spare? Not much of an inkling—just enough to straighten me out on something that's been bedevilling me lately. For instance—under what circumstances is it permissible for an English magistrate to play with a piece of string? Or when is a litigant in Britain justified in pitching a book at him? Or, alternatively, can furniture in the United Kingdom ever be sold as carrots? . . . Yes, I quite realize how bizarre these speculations must seem to you, but then it's unlikely you've been reading the law reports in the London *Times*, and even if you have you're more confused than I am. The fact is that anyone who drowses through those reports—and it takes a heap of pinching to keep oneself awake—is likely to wind up enmeshed in fantasy. The further you get the more they resemble "Alice in Wonderland" crossed with a D'Oyly Carte operetta. Could it be that, despite all evidence to the contrary, Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert are alive and well?

My earliest intimation that English jurisprudence was a tangled skein was an account, in the *Times*, of a symposium of lawgivers that read thus:

> A High Court judge advised magistrates to be careful what they ate in the luncheon adjournment to avoid looking sleepy in the afternoon. Mr. Justice Lawton told 300 magistrates at the start of their training conference at Nottingham University: "Nothing can tarnish the image of justice quicker than the appearance of somnolence. Those of us who find, or think, they can concentrate better with their eyes shut, should seek other ways of bringing their minds to bear on the case. Playing with a piece of string or sucking the mint with the hole is better than slumping in a chair with eyes closed. . . . It may be the gin and tonic, or the meat and two veg or the prunes and custard. Whatever it is, cut it out if it leaves the public in court to think you are sleepy."

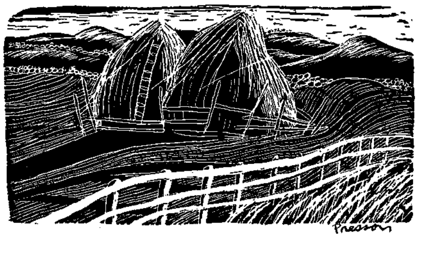
Maybe it was this kind of judicial torpor, engendered by a surfeit of bangers and mash and prune whip, that aroused a lady to violent behavior in an ensuing legal action:

> Miss Vera Beth Stone, aged 37, heard the Court—Lord Denning and Lords Justices Harman and Diplock—dismiss her *ex-parte* application for leave to appeal against a decision on a review of taxation. Then she picked up two books and threw them towards Lord Denning, saying that it was not a personal matter but that she hoped by this means to bring her complaint before the Court. The books—copies of Butterworth's Workmen's Compensation Cases—taken by her from the Court library, passed between Lord Denning and Lord Justice Diplock, Miss Stone saying that it did not have to be tomatoes. She was restrained as she picked up a third book, remarking that she was running out of ammunition. . . . As Miss Stone left the Court with the tipstaff, she said to Lord Denning: "May I congratulate your Lordship on your coolness under fire?"

Lord Denning's aplomb, to be sure, could have had a simpler explanation; perhaps he was so rapt in playing with a piece of string or sucking the mint with the hole that he was unaware of the books flying past. It was in a third *Times* story, however, that I became convinced I had been projected bodily into Andrew Lang's books of fairy tales. The case, headlined "Furniture Cannot Be Sold as Carrots," was rather intricate, but the salient point was that some furniture dealers had circumvented a statute forbidding their goods to be sold on Sundays. Inasmuch as British law allows the sale of vegetables on the Sabbath, the defendants opened a shop where they sold carrots, it being tacitly understood that the customer was receiving an equivalent amount of furniture. "On one occasion," the charge against them stated, "they sold a carrot for £520 and on other occasions for £20 with free gifts of furniture. . . . When a Sunday customer went to the office, he was asked if he agreed to enter into a contract to buy only a carrot to the value of the free gift selected, and he was handed a carrot."

By a dizzying coincidence, I myself was embroiled in an affair so similar to the foregoing that the ice in my veins turned to blood when I read it. Casting about for a furnished flat in London not long ago, I was shown one ideally suited to my needs. It was cozy, quiet, and altogether tip-top but for one slight detail; it was devoid of furniture other than an armchair, a Georgian shaving stand, and a bed. Miss Crackthorpe, the rental agent who accompanied me, pooh-poohed my expostulations.

"Not to worry," she said airily. "You can chink in whatever you lack—bureaus, couches, tables—at Thimblerigg & Bilk in Gudgeon Lane this very weekend. It's a wildly popular place, only open on Sundays, so be sure to get there early. Here's the address."



At eight-thirty on Sunday morning, accordingly, I raced to the shop with a list of my requirements, and straightaway ran into a predicament. Instead of the showroom I expected, the premises were a mere hole in the wall—a greengrocer's establishment displaying a rather dispirited stock of vegetables and fruit. As I hesitated on the threshold, a sharp-featured character in sleeve garters, with a bowler smartly cocked over one ear, approached from the rear. "Greetings, mate. I'm Thimblerigg," he saluted me. "Up bright and early for the bargains, eh? Well, we've got 'em. How about a nice overstuffed suite in genuine rat hide, with a bar to match? Or a Chinese sideboard of crushed mahogany that converts into a vanity? I can see from your clothes you're a trendy type."

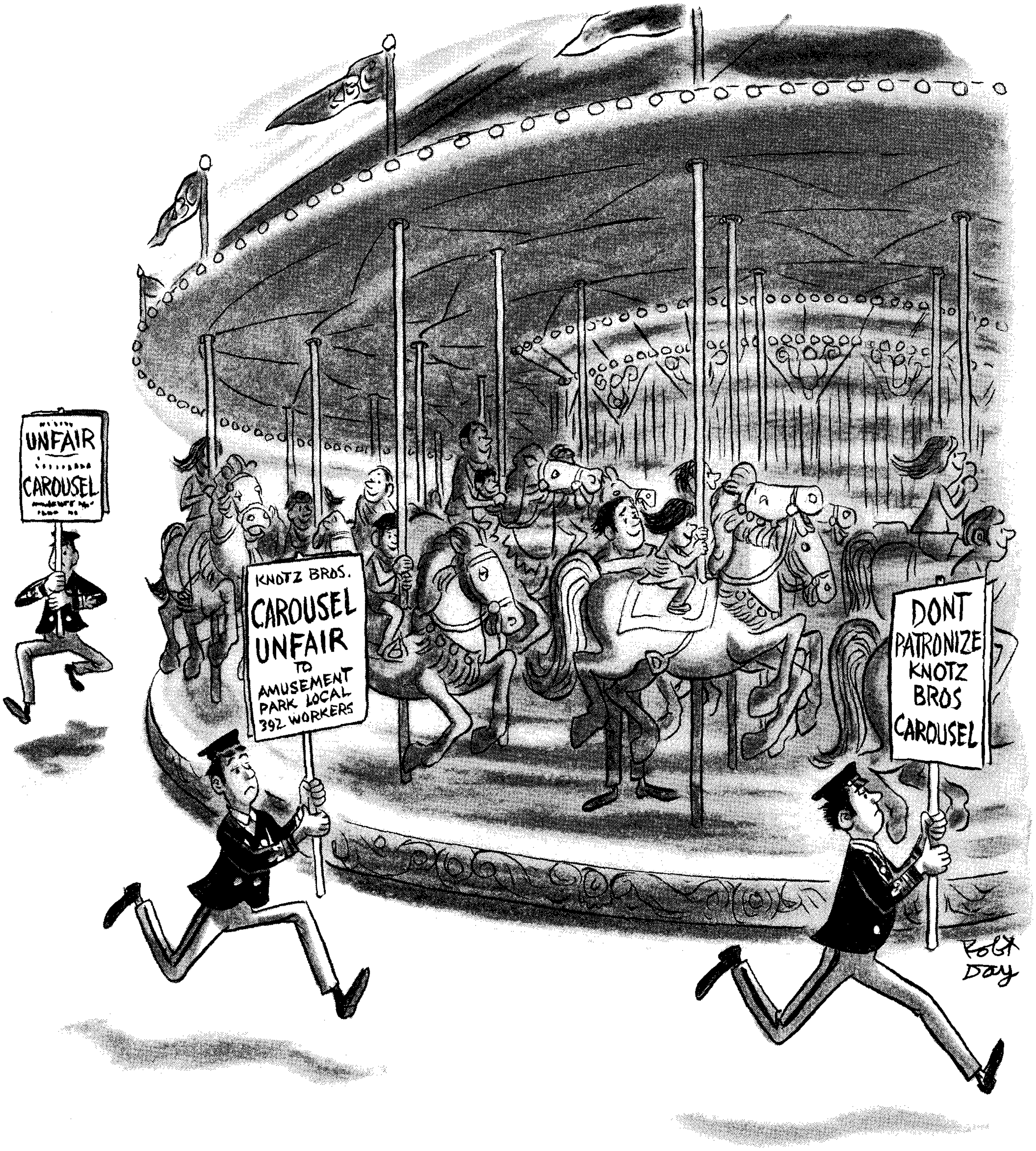
"Well, I *was* looking for a few unusual pieces," I admitted, "but I must have strayed into the wrong—"

"Ah, yes," he said smoothly. "You didn't expect a greengrocer's shop—right? Think nothing of it. We've got exactly what you're after, but we merchandise it in a totally novel way. Take this cauliflower, for example," he said, selecting one from a bin. "That'll come to sixty-eight pounds and thirty pence. What you're really buying, though, is a kneehole desk, four kitchen chairs, a floor lamp, a hat rack, and an ironing board you can use as a stepladder. You get the idea?"

Plausible as the fellow seemed, I fortunately had my wits about me, and, sensing that he was trying to pull the wool over my eyes, retorted that I had never heard anything so preposterous. To my surprise, he agreed wholeheartedly. The principle of Sunday substitute shopping was such an innovation, he acknowledged, that it had swept Britain like wildfire, yet it was backed by an ironclad warranty, and thousands of satisfied customers bore witness to his claim.

"Here's the way it works," he went on, producing a handsomely illustrated catalogue. "You simply pick out whatever strikes your fancy, scratch your name on this agreement, and we deliver the furniture to your door in forty-eight hours. Now, which type of veg would you prefer—cucumbers, artichokes, one of these big luscious eggplants?"

Well, it was all I could do to repress a giggle. Anyone chuckleheaded enough to fall for such a yarn must be naïve indeed—and yet maybe it wasn't


UNFAIR
CAROUSEL
KNOTZ BROS.
CAROUSEL UNFAIR TO AMUSEMENT PARK LOCAL 392 WORKERS
DONT PATRONIZE KNOTZ BROS CAROUSEL
Rob't Day

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so fanciful at that. Miss Crackthorpe had recommended the place, the items in the catalogue seemed trustworthy—possibly I was suffering from an excess of caution. I stood irresolute for a moment, and then, gambling on my instinct, decided that I had misjudged Thimblerigg, mistaken his Cockney shrewdness for charlatanism. Selecting a divan, some end tables, a couple of mirrors, and a club chair from the catalogue, I signed a contract, handed over my check for three hundred pounds, and, in turn, was handed two cabbages, a bunch of carrots, and a bagful of peanuts and spring onions. As he escorted me to the door, Thimblerigg besought me to pester him if the furniture did not arrive as guaranteed. The watchword of the firm, he declared, was integrity, uncompromising and foursquare; without those components, any business was a mockery and a sham. And when he reached into the cab to shake hands with me the candor that shone in the man's eyes dissipated any lingering doubts. If ever I saw bluff English honesty, it was in that chap's visage.

Nine days elapsed before it finally percolated through to me that I had been keelhauled, gaffed to a fare-thee-well, and it was confirmed by an expert—Mr. Thaddeus Shadbolt, the bulky, white-haired solicitor to whose chambers I fled in panic when the realization jelled. Shadbolt reacted with the typical cynicism of his profession as I poured out my recital of the facile excuses given me by Thimblerigg & Bilk for their failure to deliver my purchases.

"Quite, quite," he said, drumming impatiently on his desk top. "They told you they were installing a new com-

"Oh, come off it, Ashton! The only reason you decided to detest Chris Evert is because no one else does."

• •

puter system, that their warehouse had burned down, and that they were bankrupt. The procedure is altogether ritual, classic—and so is ours. We'll lay an action for fraud against the bleeders. I needn't tell you, of course, that the courts are clogged with matters like these, and normally it'd be months before the case is heard. However, I may be able to winkle it through with a bit of influence. Just leave it with me."

Whose ear he whispered into I never learned, but on an unseasonably warm April afternoon three weeks later, the two of us sat at a table in court before a lay magistrate named Mr. Cyril Trouncer, listening to Thimblerigg's evidence in the witness-box. Never, he affirmed to his counsel, had there been any undertaking on his part to supply me with furniture; his firm was a long-established greengrocer's licensed to sell produce on Sundays, and to assert that it dealt in any other merchandise was nonsensical.

Shadbolt sprang to his feet. "This is a monstrous perversion of the truth, Your Honor!" he protested. "Does the witness seriously ask us to believe that my client paid three hundred pounds for a few paltry vegetables? What kind of a simpleton do you think he is?"

The magistrate, who had been leaning back with his eyes closed, came to with a start. "What did you say?" he demanded. "I didn't catch that. I had a fairly heavy lunch—two pints of bitter, silverside and Brussels sprouts, and gooseberry fool, and I'm a trifle sleepy." He swung around to his clerk. "Where's that length of string I usually play with? . . . Good. Now, Shadbolt, let's have that objection again."

"Oh, never mind," Shadbolt fumed. "I withdraw what I said." He resumed his seat, snatched up a pencil, and scribbled distractedly on a pad. "Damned old fogy," he muttered. "This is what comes of rushing a case through the docket. If I can't get his attention, we'll be in a hell of a fix."

We certainly would be, I surmised as Thimblerigg again began droning his bland denials. I looked around desperately for some way of vivifying the magistrate, and suddenly, in a flash of inspiration, it came to me—the thick law volume I saw peeping out of Shadbolt's briefcase. I plucked it out, stood up, and, summoning all my strength, flung it at Mr. Trouncer's head. It missed him by a good seven inches but struck a picture immediately behind, shattering the glass into a thousand fragments. There was a momentary hush, and then all was confusion. The clerk leaped forward to assist Trouncer to his feet, a constable pinioned my arms, and the half-dozen spectators in the court burst into excited babble. Shadbolt was aghast.

"Great Scott, man, have you gone bonkers?" he snarled at me. "Assaulting a Crown magistrate—you'll get three years in quod for this! Please, Your Honor, give me leave to explain. My client's an American; he's unfamiliar with our judicial process—"

Mr. Trouncer readjusted his tie, cleared his throat, and held up his hand for silence. "The Court is not interested in your explanations, my dear Mr. Shadbolt," he said with icy calm. "I'm quite capable of drawing my own conclusions, and I wish to say that in my seventeen years on the bench no litigant has ever shown such initiative, has behaved with such total disregard for legal flummery and red tape, or given so convincing a demonstration of his faith in English justice. Bring forward the plaintiff, constable, so that I may commend him."

In the electric moment that followed his words, I managed to retrieve my voice. "I—I apologize for hurling that book at you, sir," I stammered. "My motives were of the best—"

"Of course they were," said Trouncer with a kindly smile. "You saw before you an old foof, sodden with alcohol and overindulgence at table, and with characteristic Yankee ingenuity you chose the only means at your command to restore his concentration. Startling it undeniably was, but it achieved its purpose; and now that you have cleared my head, I can proceed to render a verdict proper to the evidence. I direct Thimblerigg & Bilk to repay your three hundred pounds at once and to sustain all costs in this action without benefit of appeal. And," he concluded with a twinkle, "if you and your counsel care to join me in my chambers, I can promise you a glass of the crustiest port either of you has tasted in many a moon."

Well, there it is, one man's experience with English law stripped down to its essentials, and that, parenthetically, still holds true of my furniture—a bed, an armchair, and a Georgian shaving stand. One of these days, if I can catch up with her, I must present Miss Crackthorpe with some sort of *bonne bouche*, like a nice beefsteak and a bagful of fresh vegetables, for involving me with those muzzlers in Gudgeon Lane. She can always throw away the veg, but the beefsteak should be an absolute godsend for her black eye. —S. J. PERELMAN

THE WEATHER WITHIN

SEVERAL days after my two girls and I sailed from San Francisco on a passenger freighter bound for Antwerp, I permitted myself, feeling fresh and peaceful again, to look about me on the little ship and notice the actualities of pain and digestion and love in other people, and to face them as fellow-voyagers. By that time, it was plain that many people other than I felt clearer, less blurred by fatigue and the sound of telephones ringing now a thousand miles behind us, and the five-o'clock traffic on the Bay Bridge. They were more in focus, thanks to the sea change. A man who wore an orthopedic boot upon his twisted foot limped heavily, freely, instead of trying to walk as if he had two straight feet, and a woman who at first had sipped sherry before dinner, her eyes desperate, now sat at ease in a beneficent flow of Dutch gin—quietly, openly, and with increasingly good nature alcoholic.

I saw all this with a familiar relief. I drifted through the corridors and up and down the gleaming stairs and in and out of my bed, my dining chair, as untroubled as a dot of plankton, and when in the corridors or on the stairs I met another dot of it we gradually exchanged a kind of acceptance, one of the other, which with the voyage warmed to as much love or hatred as such dots can know. Even in the small, gently tipping room where we ate together, in our most intimate act of public intercourse, we began as the ship plowed south and then northeastward to bandy the looks and smiles and other displays of recognition demanded, ultimately, by our enforced companionship, purified after so many days together upon the heaving foreign sea.

At first, I let myself exist mainly through my children, because I was trying to stay lazy a little longer. I saw that they were in a way in love with our monkeylike waiter, who one minute, with a sly scheming grin, served solid Dutch cookies as if they were almost too leaflike and light to stay properly on our plates, and the next minute, with a near wink at the girls, poured out my coffee the way a murderer might fill a cup with poison—attentively, hopefully. They found him as fascinating as a peacock-feather fan, and through them I did, too. In the same way, I loathed a man who before and after almost every meal would stop and lightly fondle them, murmuring of his own daughter in a subtly lascivious and self-righteous way. My girls drew away from him with admirable delicacy; their soft, rich hair fell over their faces, and with them I held my breath. Perhaps my revolt was deeper than theirs—or, at least, wearier—for I could see a thousand such impositions in the years ahead of them, whereas for them it was probably the first time they had ever had to sit politely through such behavior because they were in a public room and would not kick or spit.

Then there were the old ladies. One of my girls would say something about her old lady, who perhaps was feeling queasy or was having trouble with her dentures, and the other girl would say something even more protective and proprietary about *her* old lady, and a part of me would twist with a wry regret that I could not be as important as the indistinguishable white-haired females who had provisionally won my children's warm attention, and a part of me would withdraw with respect before the knowledge that there on the little ship, as everywhere, I could not even guess at the lives my children led.

There were almost more old ladies on board than there were junior officers or tons of canned pineapple, because it was a good time of year for an easy crossing and the food and service were as if designed for stiff joints and gastric crotchets. By the end of the voyage, I could recognize and, sometimes, name a handful of the small, gentle women, but it was mostly through my daughters that I came to have a general awareness of their quiet pains and problems, of how one had stumbled over the step between her bathroom and her cabin and had bruised her leg from here to here, and of how another had put her wedding band in her mouth and swallowed it three years ago and was afraid it was giving her bad pains now that kept her from sleeping. My younger girl's old lady wore, I was told, beautiful diamond earrings that she had not taken out of her lobes for forty-seven years, so that they had grown into her skin, but without causing any trouble at all. I never did manage to spot her, but after Mrs. Marshall died I noticed that she was not the one, although I forget what earrings it was she did wear. Perhaps they were small pearls; I remember pearls at her throat. I was glad neither of the children lost her own old lady, of course, for it was enough of a startling accident to have death

turn up, without having it too immediate. As it was, it changed the complexion of our landing.

A few times after I stirred myself out of my post-sailing snooze, I met Mrs. Marshall walking step by step up to B Deck from where she evidently lived, on C. I judged from words the other passengers exchanged with her during her slow movings that she had been ill and that on coming aboard she had fainted from the excitement and had been in bed for several days—a bad heart. I identified an even older, smaller woman as her sister and attentive companion, and two or three times in the next couple of weeks I asked one or the other how things were going, and they always replied very gently and genteelly, and smiled and smiled. I said to myself that Mrs. Marshall did indeed move as if she was ill, and that she had the patient, sweet, sickening half smirk so often found on the face of a person who is afraid and at the same time voluptuously involved with her fear. I remember being somewhat ashamed of my feeling of boredom on recognizing this grimace; I had spent a lot of time coping with other people's capricious outworn organs, and wanted to sit back—temporarily, at least—and contemplate my own.

One night, I was asked to be judge of a costume parade and party, and in all the noise and uninhibited prancing I was astonished to see Mrs. Marshall walk slowly past the official table, of course not prancing but still in step and with a restrained coquettish look about her. She was dressed with prim prettiness as a maid, and I wondered in whose luggage on the little ship she had found that uniform in these days of reduced domestic service. I also noticed, in all the brouhaha, that her sister was not to be seen. Usually she stayed quietly nearby, her eyes worried and her voice small and expressionless. Did she disapprove of this debauchery?

Both women were what can most easily be called nice. They dressed in good black or navy-blue clothes for dinner, even through the Canal Zone, and their hair was soft instead of in the tight waves of most elderly middle-class American women. They were dainty, their nails lacquered with an almost colorless pink and their stockings very fine. All in all, they were as nearly invisible as one can be after sixty-five and still breathe and defecate and chew.

RUNNING ON THE SHORE

The sun is hot, the ocean cool. The waves
throw down their snowy heads. I run
under their hiss and boom, mine their wild
breath. Running the ledge where pipers
prod their awls into sand-crab holes,
my barefoot tracks their little prints cross
on wet slate. Circles of romping water swipe
and drag away our evidence. Running and
gone, running and gone, the casts of our feet.

My twin, my sprinting shadow on yellow shag,
wand of summer over my head, it seems
that we could run forever while the strong
waves crash. But sun takes its belly under.
Flashing above magnetic peaks of the ocean's
purple heave, the gannet climbs,
and turning, turns
to a black sword that drops,
hilt-down, to the deep.

—May Swenson

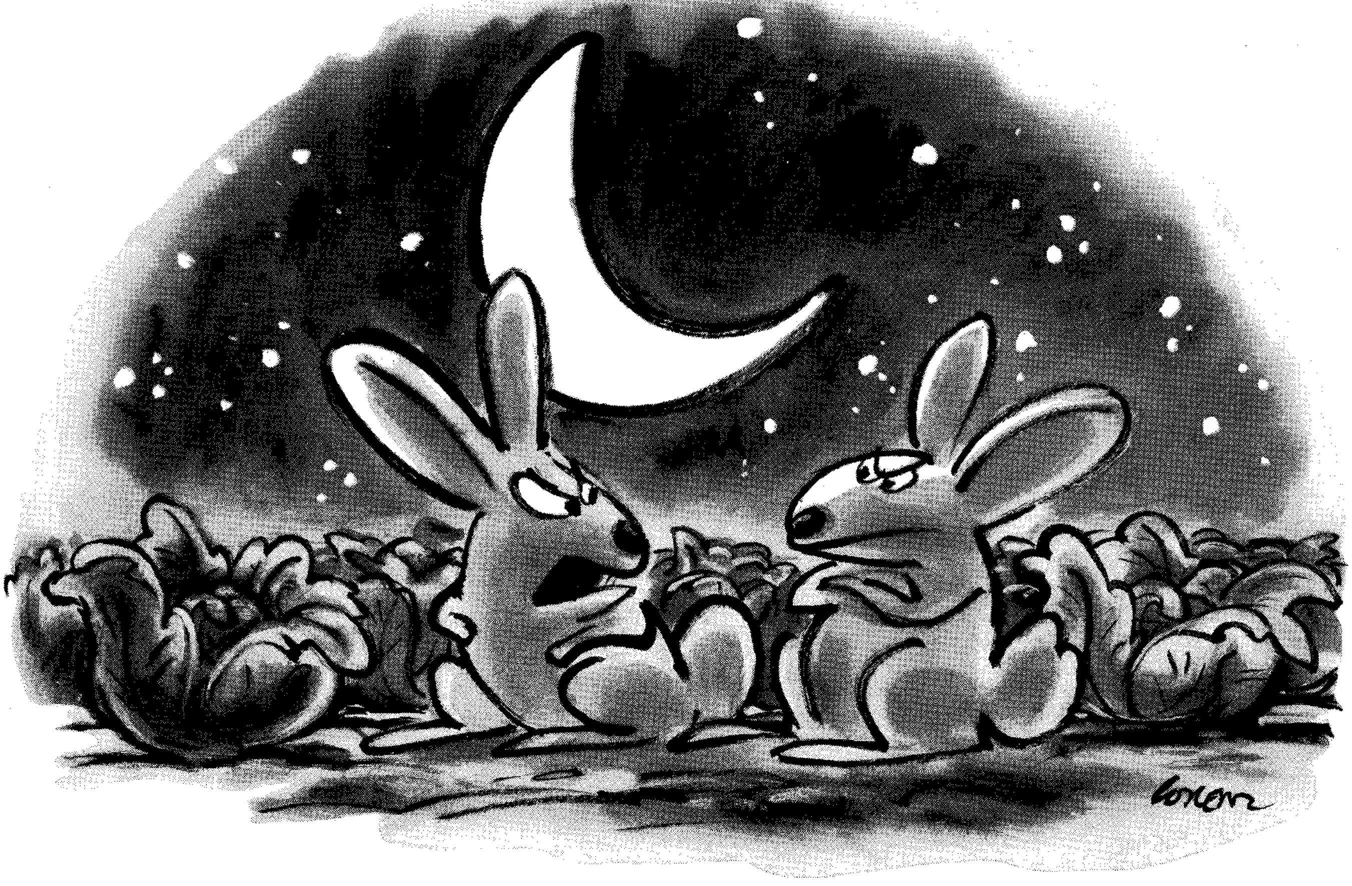
• •

Toward the end of the voyage, the mother of a small boy gave what was called a *thé dansant* to honor his seventh birthday, and all of us were invited. I did not want to go, because I hate to have to look at little cakes in the late afternoon, but the mother had toploftily stayed away from a cocktail party to which another woman and I had invited all the passengers, and I felt duty-bound to be polite and appear at her silly tea. I made myself look as proper as possible, and was pleased to find that the giddy if disapprovingly non-alcoholic mother was paying no attention at all to anyone but the captain and the third mate. This gave me a chance to feel self-possessed and superior, as well as to ignore the table loaded with sticky tidbits, and I made myself useful to the nearest social victim—in this case the smiling, quiet little Mrs. Marshall, whose name I still did not know. I only remembered that she had been ill and that she lived somewhat as if she thought of herself as a premature child in an incubator, on a gauze-and-cotton pillow, with a rarer air about her than she would have to breathe later when she became truly born.

She sat very straight, with her pretty ankles crossed, and I fetched cakes and tea for her, and sat beside her in another chair and listened to her talk softly and with a surprising degree of intensity about the year she and her sister planned to spend together, mostly in England. She had read a lot of books about English history and architecture and so on, and I was lucky to recall some of the things my mother had managed to pass along to me about people who were important to her, as disparate as Cardinal Wolsey and Victoria. I even managed to come up with Grinling Gibbons—names like that.

I got her more tea, feeling infinitely attentive beside our loutish hostess, who paid no attention to any of us. It was a tiny but enjoyable revenge, there in the confines of the ship world, and as I sat by the nice old lady who was without knowing it serving as my victim-tool, I noticed that she fumbled with a word, and then a few seconds later that her lips trembled slightly and that she looked once or twice around the big room. Her eyes did not seem frightened or even troubled, but, without knowing how or why, it was horribly clear to me that she had passed through one of those almost mortal waves of panic very sick people are prey to. Her voice did not change, nor did she turn paler than her plump withered face had always looked, but her fear was as plain and as dreadful to me as if she had screamed out or moaned. I told myself that she was tired, saw that she had a table where she could sit by her cup and plate, and left as fast as I could.

It was an incident that is, of course, much more meaningful to me now, but even then it left me questioning and scorning myself for using—no matter how unwittingly—someone weaker than I was simply in order to feel better mannered than a foolish fellow-passenger who did not know how to go to or give parties. I thought about the panic I had spied on, and I admired it;



"For Pete's sake, stupid! It won't help anything if we boycott lettuce."

• •

the woman was in terror, and she was handling it with grace. I reached this conclusion easily, and then went on to more immediate problems of survival for my own self and my children, since it was evident that Mrs. Marshall had things well enough in hand not to drop her teacup or even cry out.

THE morning we debarked was one of generally repressed hysteria, after the slow crawl through the lines of sunken convoys in the North Sea and then the noisy night of docking and unloading all the canned pineapple. Breakfast was early and crowded, and my girls were pale with unheeded love for the table boys too busy to smile one last time with them. After the casual weeks, people looked strange in dark suits and stylish hats. There was an air of almost hostile caution everywhere, as if we regretted having been gay and friendly and unsuspicious for so long, and suddenly feared what the mysterious sea change might have let us in for.

For reasons at once too obvious and too intricate to unravel even within my mind, I wanted to be quiet and late in leaving the little ship. I stalled this way and that, and when almost everyone had gone I was glad to find that my girls could talk happily and quietly with their friends in the crew while I stood looking far down at the thinning crowd upon the quay and at the growing piles of cargo from the holds. The ship rose slowly, so that the end of the long gangplank was off the pavement by the time we headed grudgingly for it and the first touch of land.

A knot of the ship's men gathered at the top to say goodbye to the children, and I stood back for a few minutes more, tasting the warm kindness and the lonesome searching there, and noticing with only part of my outward civilized self that the two elderly sisters sat in the cabin nearest the last door to pass through. They were dressed in smart, quiet travelling clothes. Their ankles were nicely crossed and their backs were straight. Their faces were like powdered ivory. I smiled at them, but they probably did not see my perfunctory salute; it was as if they were concentrating on something that took them too far away for speech. I thought swiftly of all that the one who had been ill knew about English history, and then we were inching down the gangplank, which now bobbed and wagged foolishly, with at least a couple of feet to jump at the bottom.

The children stumbled along the quay, calling and waving up to the cabin boys and the barman and the bosun, who stood by the C Deck rails. I headed for the almost bare tables where the customs officers waited with my luggage lined up in front of them, and smiled and rallied my rusted French and kept a mazed account in my head of where we all were and what the agent was saying about trunks and what was in the suitcases the officers chose to open.

An enormous bus blasted its horn, and people shrieked goodbyes like seagulls in a storm, and I felt eased to know that every passenger—and especially the man who had pretended he was not fondling my children—was probably forever gone from our lives and on that bus to catch the Channel boat for London, except the two sisters, who were heading first for Holland for a week and who probably knew more about England than any of them.

The customs man scrawled pink crayon over the last of my collection of some fifty years of family travelling bags. I felt a puff of relief rise from the ground through my body, as if an indiscreet ghost there at the quay to welcome me had blown up under my skirts. I was teased and excited and amused, and called out to the children,

"I don't have to seek a new life style. I make seventy-five thousand a year."

who stood, tiny as gnats against the ship's tall sides, mooning and bleating up at their white-coated friends, their backs to the new world that menaced them, their eyes glistening with tears of farewell.

They turned toward that new world at my call, toward me standing in it, and I saw them pull back, and at the same time I heard the older of the two old ladies, *my* old ladies, cry out in a small shocked voice, "Just like San Francisco! It happened there just like this. She'll be all right."

On the scarred boards of the inspection table, Mrs. Marshall half sat, half slumped against her older sister. She was as pale as always, with her eyes squinted and rolled upward in her plump face. Her smart black hat tipped crazily over one eye as she rolled back against the shoulder beside her, and I thought that she would hate to look that silly even as I hated myself for a feeling of irritation at the sweet, patient smile on her discreetly made-up lips.

Oh, God, these invalids!, my mind was snarling as I put down my big heavy handbag and let her fall more against me than toward her sister. I don't know why I did this. It seemed natural; the sister was very small and old, and I know that a half-conscious body, which I felt Mrs. Marshall's to be and which it probably was at that moment, can be extraordinarily heavy. I eased her back against one of my softer suitcases, and behind me I could hear the sister saying in a quiet, desperate way, not especially to anybody but much as a nun murmurs toward a picture or a statue, "Oh, I did everything for her this morning, everything. She didn't even lift a finger. Not a finger. We didn't even talk. She was fine, too, just fine, not nervous at all. Get some whiskey. That's all she needed that time in San Francisco. Just some whiskey."

While she was murmuring this way, she came around the end of the table and stood near her sister's head, which I was watching while I took her pretty feet and tried to pivot her up lengthwise. Mrs. Marshall's face was changing rapidly, and there were no pupils in the narrowed eyes. Her skin became yellowish, and then darker and very subtly blue—lead blue—and I said to myself, "But this woman is dying and she is dying fast," and then I remembered how three times I had seen another woman turn this strange blue and how three times she had lived to question me piercingly about it all, so I said nothing aloud and pulled hard to lift up the dainty feet.

A dim old man with "Commissionnaire" printed in gold on his cap took the feet from me. He was drunk, with spit caked in the corners of his mouth, and he gave off a feeling of gentle strength. "All right," I said to the sister. "Yes yes, hold her head up more . . ."

She went on in her small voice about San Francisco and whiskey and how whiskey was all that Mary Alice needed—really, really.

By now it was plainly too late to put anything into that blue open mouth, gaping subhumanly for air, sucking for it, then more and more slowly wheezing it out again. Somebody in the little crowd that had gathered said, "It's a fit. Don't let her tongue go back," but I knew it was not a fit at all, and I ran toward the ship for help.

The children were hurrying to me, their faces still pale from the intensity of their farewells, and twisted now with concern. They pushed almost past me toward the knot of people, and I turned them around toward the side of the ship again as I ran, and said, "It's all right. A passenger feels ill. She fainted, but it's all right."

"Is it my old lady?" one of them asked, and I said, "Of course not!" I was determined not to let them see Mrs. Marshall, for if she was dying she might have to fight it, and that was not for the children to know about yet, if I could help it. So I kept my voice calm for them, and my hands firm and gentle on their shoulders, but for the faces staring down curiously from the deck I let my own face show what I feared was happening. I called up to the young barman, spruce in mufti to meet his sweetheart, "Get the doctor! Hurry. Tell him to hurry!"

He stared for a second, freezing like me, and then he ran along the narrow deck and through the door, and another boy, the monkey boy the children loved the most, came down the bobbing gangplank, smiling warmly at them. "Keep them for me, Jantje," I said, and he took their hands and walked away with them toward the bow of the ship and the open river water.

I found I had their gray topcoats, and as I looked down again at the woman I put them over her carefully, perhaps to try to hide her from the flat stares of the little crowd, perhaps only to make it seem to her poor sister that it could possibly matter whether she were covered or bare as newborn. Her heart had almost stopped, and what air it could pull through her darkening mouth whistled slowly out, unused. She was suffocating as surely as if a cord had tied off her windpipe. I wished I could hide it from the sister, that I could put her little white-gloved hand, as I had done my children's, into the kind grasp of one of the seamen and send her along the quay toward the open water. But her look reassured me by its transparent blankness; she was shocked into safety for a time longer.

A cabin boy stared with horror at Mrs. Marshall's gaping dark face as he thrust a glass into my hand. I sniffed it—the ship's best brandy. Somebody must have relayed the sister's small prayer for whiskey as best he could. I would have liked to drink half of it in one gulp, for plainly Mrs. Marshall could not, and my stomach felt strange and I was breathing from the top of my lungs, carefully. I put the little brimming glass between two of my suitcases, and because I had nothing else to do I took one of Mrs. Marshall's ankles from the old porter. It was astonishingly heavy, like stone, and as I let it thump down upon the inspection table he picked it up again, without reproach, in his big, twisted, dirty hand.

The doctor was there, in civilian clothes, and without any preamble he and I started talking rapidly, easily, softly, in French, which neither of us had ever done before in our few chats on the ship. No, he said, almost no pulse . . . always complications . . . get her onto the ship . . . may have only a few minutes . . . injections . . . at least she did not die at sea, always very bad for the morale . . . this is very bothersome. . . . He muttered orders in a low, angry way at two of the crewmen, who ran up the wagging gangplank for the ship's stretcher.

The sister said, more loudly than I would have thought possible from her, "All she needs is some *whiskey*. That saved her in San Francisco."

The doctor glared briefly at her and then asked me in French, "Who is this person?"

"Her sister."

He asked her in English, in a curt, disapproving way, "Well, who gave her whiskey?"

The sister said firmly, looking up at him like a determined, unabashed child, while Mrs. Marshall's heart gave another great desperate jump and stopped again, "You weren't on the ship yet. A friend who is a nurse was saying good-bye to us and—"

He interrupted her haughtily. "And I am not a nurse. I am a doctor."

Oh you God-damned Prussian-trained Nazi-broken bastard, I thought. Protocol. Professional honor. My mind spat.

The crewmen were unfolding an ugly, stained khaki stretcher. The old porter and I lifted Mrs. Marshall clumsily onto it while they held it. She seemed made of cold lead, and her head arched back hungrily for some of the air we were breathing. Her sister tried to take her hand, but it fell into the pouch of stiff canvas.

"She'll be all right soon," I was saying without any shame. "He'll give her a shot to help her heart. He's a good doctor. A shot will be better than whiskey for your . . . for Mary Alice."

And then I closed a door on the past few minutes and turned toward my children and the things I had to do next. I waved to them where they stood with Jantje, watching the barges and the gulls, and with hardly a thought of the two old women in the ship I looked for the old porter on the quay. When I saw him standing like a waiting horse beside the possible pasturage of my row of bags and boxes, I smiled at him.

His eyes filled with a kind of alcoholic urine. "Those poor, poor ladies," he said, and even though I had left them deliberately, my own eyes flooded with tears for them, which I ignored with an almost ferocious resentment.

"All right all *right*," I said angrily to the other parts of me. "So I wanted to be last off the ship! But I'll be damned to hell if I'll let this hurt my girls and me, and all the fuss and bother of getting us this far. Life, death—they must know about it anyway. This will be life, not death." That is the way I talked to myself, while I reached for the glass of cognac I had put between two of my bags and thrust it, by now somewhat warm, at the old man.

He took it as if it were a natural thing to gulp a tot of four-star Fine Champagne on the quay, and then, with a swipe at his still brimming eyes, he yelled for a taxi—a prowler who had probably made two trips already into the city and was back for the last load of crew or officers. I counted the bags again as they thudded into the back of the car, and

FINE QUALITY MEATS
ADMISSION FREE

then I pushed the children onto the seat and gave the old man some money and once more we all said a warm, sad thank-you-and-until-we-meet to Jantje and I put my foot up into the car, thinking, Oh dear kind God here we are here we are at last quick driver into the city away from the salt smell and the seagulls hurry hurry—and a voice called down my name with real desperation, twice.

We stood, the driver and Jantje and I, with our feet half here, half there.

The doctor was leaning against the rail, high above us, and his jaw was slack and he looked as if he were in panic or in a frantic state of disbelief. He must have run faster than he had been able to since the Gestapo broke all his leg bones after one of the first professional roundups in Amsterdam, for he panted and his thin gray hair was awry.

"But why is he calling *me*? Why *me*?" I asked angrily. I pulled my foot down onto the ground.

Jantje turned toward me, and even before the doctor spoke I was saying very fast and soft, "Can you stay here longer with the children? They'll be all right with you."

He looked at me wisely, and crawled past me into the back of the cab.

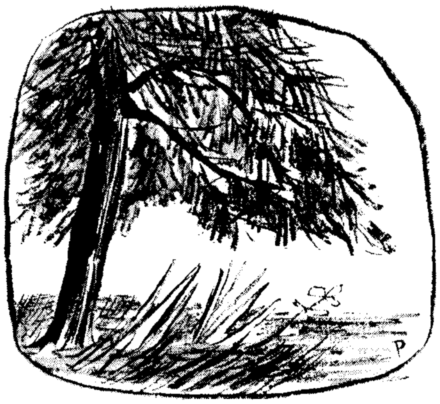
The doctor called down in a peevish way, "She is dead. She is dead," and I did not realize until later that he was speaking to me in Dutch or German, for I knew already what he was going to say.

I turned back to the children, with Jantje sitting now between them. They looked with unfathomable resignation into my troubled and perhaps angry eyes, which I tried to make nicer for them but could not. Then again one of them asked, "Was it either of *our* old ladies?," and again I said no and that I would be back soon and that Jantje would stay with them. The taxi was riding low, loaded with everything I possessed in the world, almost; I did not even bother to ask the driver to wait. He had a fat, although youngish, neck.

I walked back to the gangplank. The end of it was by now some three feet off the quay, and a crewman who a few days before had chased my ball of yarn across the deck and then tossed it to me with a saucy grin helped me haul myself up as if I were the Queen's first lady. His face was crumpled with a grievous surprise—the kind that had made the old porter cry, and then me.

From the top of the gangplank the doctor called again to me, as I crawled awkwardly toward him, "She is dead!" He was speaking in French, as he had done beside the customs table, and I cried up to him like a parrot, "Yes, yes, she is dead!" He took my elbow, and we ran in a dignified, cautious way down several corridors I had never known were in the ship, past the galley ovens and into dimmer regions, now awash with suds, where the filthy stevedores had walked for coffee or a glass of Genever. I had to talk sternly to myself for a few seconds, for my breath faltered and my tongue went dry, and my heart banged with primitive fear and civilized resentment.

Then I saw in a doorway the face of the barber, who also carried cases of beer up and down stairways between haircuts. He was a very stupid man, with enormous eyes and ears, and the crew called him Jackie the Clipper because he clipped their hair and also because he sailed in and out of every port with unexpected sexual prowess and a resulting state of alcoholic debilitude that only Rabelais could describe. There was Jackie then, peering at me with his great eyes, and in spite of the latent expectancy in them, the postponed amatory gleam and quiver of being in port again, they swam with tears that I knew were as real as my own helpless acceptance of the fact of Mrs. Marshall's death.



"Hello there, Jackie," I said in a mechanically cozy way as I pounded behind the rigid doctor down the corridor. Everybody talked to Jackie like that. I felt comforted by his great, drowned, simple look, and got my breath back. Whatever was next did not appall me anymore.

We were in a low white room half full of painted pipes twisting carefully along the walls and ceiling and even the floor. There seemed to be several people, but I remember only the doctor, stooping under the pipes, and, on the floor, the very small body of Mrs. Marshall with her jaw dropped and her hands looking as peaceful as a dead bird's claws, and the equally small sister standing with her back to us, holding their two heavy black handbags and my girls' topcoats. I did not know what to do, so I stepped over the high threshold and put both my arms around the living one, who seemed to shrink even smaller

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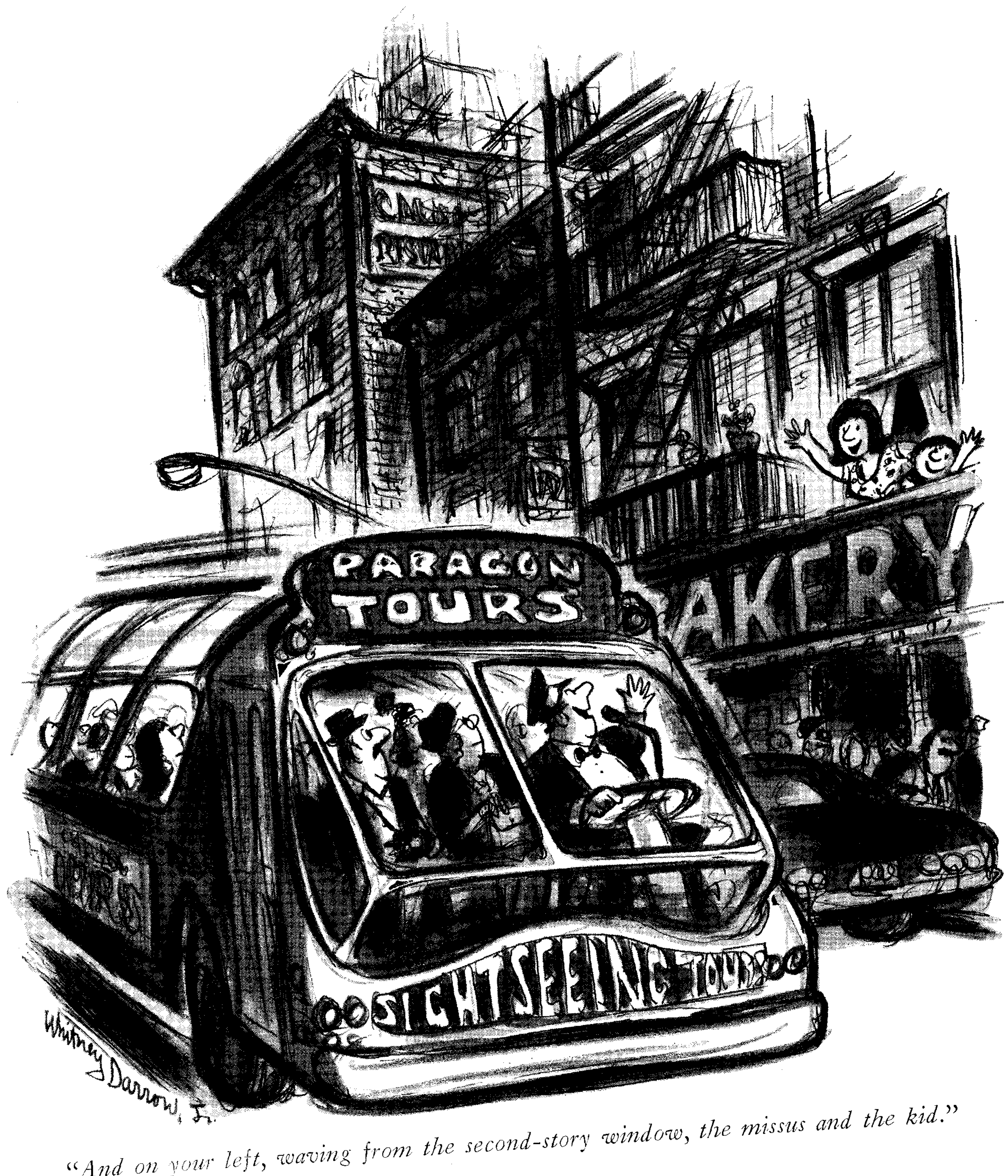
LEAVING THE COAL CELLAR

The wind lisps from its belly
Rehearsing the immunity of its names,
Slipping through nets of what is
Like shoals of small fish turning
With one intelligence,
Brightening one moment down
The million coins of their flanks,
Then darkening through weirs
Of the trees, leaving only
The tapering long wheeze of the recovering lung,
Cloud tumbling through it in a frieze of attitudes
Unfinished, hurrying toward completion.

I store another season's tools
Beneath the house and climb
Through sloping doors half-folded back like wings;
Emerge with cobweb face and hands
Into this wind laced suddenly
With the old hint that blood sacrifice
Of a young girl can raise wind again,
Out of death wrinkling the mirror
Silver to the sea's rim,
Lift canvas like these trees, humming again
With that swarm of bees death tunes and dances,
Oars leaping hammer-speed before the storm
Into their raid, then homeward with the wreck
Of pollen dangling in a favoring wind.

—John Peck



"And on your left, waving from the second-story window, the missus and the kid."

• •

and cleave unto me as I know those words mean it. She sobbed in a way I had not heard before—with passion, but also rather like a rooster crowing. There was nothing ridiculous about it, and as I felt her feathery body pressed so completely, so unthinkingly against mine, I knew that I was blessed. I said softly a lot of things about how gay her sister had been at the silly tea, and how well she had looked that morning in the cabin next door, how untroubled—all half lies made without cavil.

The great eyes of Jackie the Clipper floated in the dark hot air of the corridor by the door, and I could feel a frightened hush through the depths of this unknown ship I had ridden so blandly for so many days and weeks. Having a dainty corpse upon it was something nobody wanted, but I was agreeing with the gray-faced impatient doctor that God had been good to all of us to postpone it this long.

"A sea burial is very bad," he said over his shoulder as we two hurried down the corridor. His French was impeccable, and by now I knew that his wife was waiting for him, after three months of voyage. "You cannot imagine a sea burial," he said, but he was mistaken and I could, so I agreed with him and said I could not. "And now here is the address of the hospital. Of course there are some complications: American Protestant corpse, Catholic Belgian port, Dutch ship. But the Sister seems intelligent. The Red Cross will take care of everything. Give them half an hour and then call the hospital and have the Sister speak with you."

And so on, very firmly, and I said *yes and no and certainly*, and tried to seem efficient, and all the time I was storming and roaring, but pretty much the way a child will when the light has been turned off and the door shut and he has heard his parents drive away in the family car. I could yell until I burst, but there was no real use. There I was, after so much trying to be, excited and somewhat scared in a strange land, with two little girls to watch over, and instead of our going at our own speed to a decent hotel and then wandering, as we had planned, toward the Zoo through the streets with all their new smells and sounds, I had already left the children with a Dutch steward and an unknown Belgian cabby and gone back down into the ship's depths to look at a dead woman, and was about to devote myself to getting her decently into some sort of coffin or urn or whatever in her god's name she would have wanted—and above all I must help the one still living, the bird-like sister whose name I did not even know. If the dead woman had not had a sister who still lived and must go on living, I would be free of the whole thing. I felt impotent and rebellious, and shook hands in a short way with the doctor, who already looked years younger at having rid himself so neatly of so many unexpected and unwanted responsibilities. He became almost debonair as we reached the top of the gangplank. By now it was a good four feet off the quay, and two sailors hoisted me down. I did not look back.

THE children were pale and puzzled in the dim taxi. "Yes, the passenger died," I said to them and Jantje. He seemed upset and sad. He told me her name, Mrs. Mary Alice Marshall, and said that her sister was either Miss or Mrs. Pettigrew, and I looked at the piece of paper the doctor had given me and it was Miss. Jantje said they were very nice quiet ladies. Then he told me the cabdriver had kept the meter running but he had said that was a shameful thing to do in such a case, and later the children told me Jantje got out of the taxi and almost had a brawl with the driver before the little box was turned off. He left us, and the children looked after his springy back, his dark small simian head, with possibly as much plain love as they will ever feel for a man they trust.

Then we turned to each other, and I told them again that it had not been one of *their* old ladies. The children sighed and said good, and then we discussed the imminent problem of what to do with the remaining sister, Miss Pettigrew. They were both resigned and realistic about it, and filled with a real compassion, which to me seemed far past their expected capacity for such things, so that for the rest of that long day they did not protest in any way about having to eat lunch in a "nice tea-room" with the gentle little woman instead of in the glittering restaurant I had vaguely described to them, or about missing the Zoo entirely and staying alone in the hotel—a hateful thing—while I made numberless telephone calls to the Consulate and tried to get permission for cremation in the anti-cremation city, or about having late baths and supper in our rooms instead of going to see Charlie Chaplin, as we had thought of doing, because I had to make more telephone calls to Holland and California for Miss Pettigrew, whose voice had turned with repressed hysteria into an unmanageable but still genteel squeak. My girls were fine girls.

So was Miss Pettigrew a fine girl. She moved through the whole grim thing with hardly a falter, and ac-

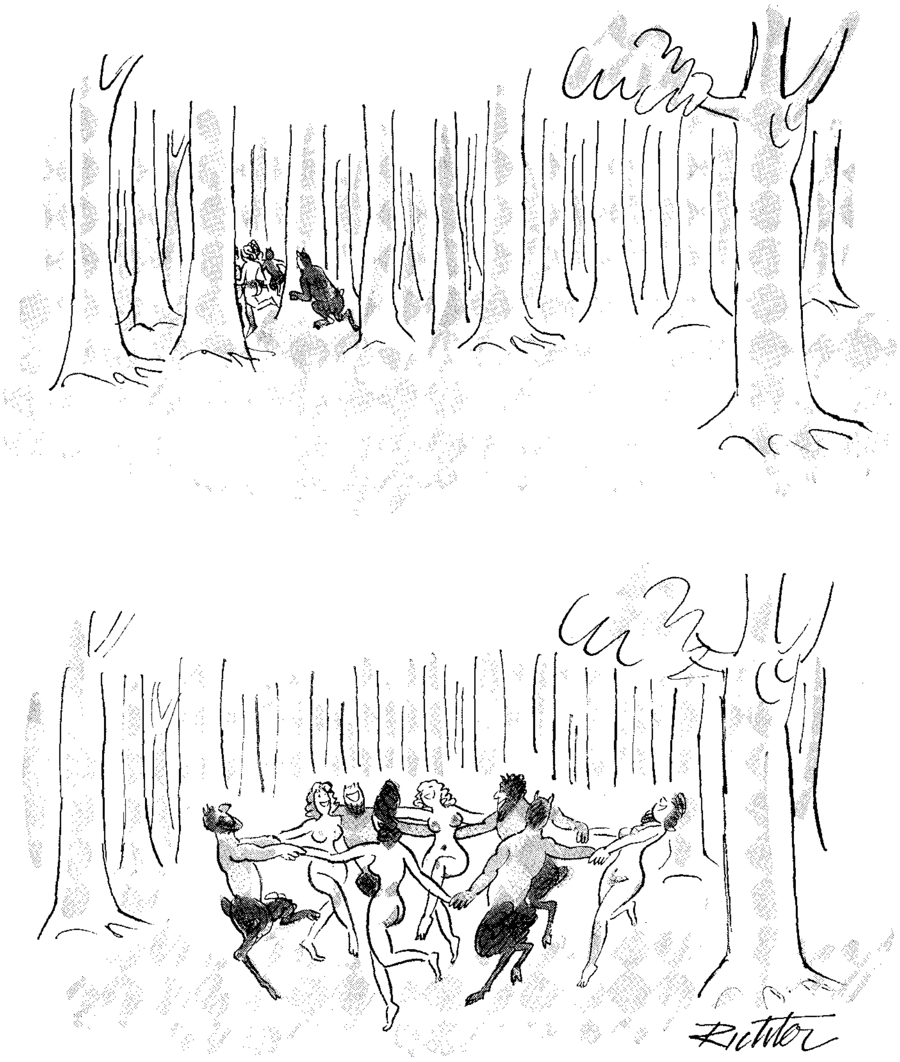
cepted my presence unquestioningly. I, remembering my first resentful anger and the way I had heard my mind snarling, was abashed and suspicious at the same time. How could anyone stay as thoughtful and as self-possessed as this small aged lady, and how could she go on letting me parley intimate and even secret details of her life and her dead sister's for assistant consuls and functionaries and priests and doctors without hating not only my guts but my children's guts and my furthest ancestors' guts? I saw that in a way I hated hers—or, at least, her dead sister's—and I bowed meekly before this knowledge, all the while snatching looks and words with my girls, and ordering tea and toast and a tot of rum sent to Miss Pettigrew's room, which I had naturally seen was next to ours. How she must hate *me*, I insisted to myself so that I would not feel myself hating her over all the larger and less ugly necessities, like What would the children really like for supper, and What valise did I put the toothpaste in, and Did I really say to the curé that I thought it was abominable to have to ship a body to Amsterdam to get it cremated or did I just mean to?

Miss Pettigrew and I discussed sleeping pills with brittle detachment. She had some; she seldom took them; she planned to take one or perhaps two that night; if I would be so good as to ask the night clerk to call her at seven, she would be ready for the morning train into Holland to stay with the friend of a dear friend. I knew she would do all this—or, at least, I felt that I knew it, and also I wanted her to. We said good night in a detached and carefully offhand way, and I went next door to eat a roasted chicken with my children. We talked softly, knowing who was next door and not wanting to sound as if we were too happy, but we had a very nice time. Just before I got into bed, an envelope slid under the door (she had been awake all the time), with a precisely written, ladylike note and two American dollars for a lunch or tea I had forgotten about. It asked for my address to be left with the clerk, so that Miss Pettigrew could write a letter I hoped I would never get.

WE slept well that night, without any troubled dreams that we could remember in the fine gray daylight, and went on to Bruges. The only way I showed protest against what had happened was that when the children talked lengthily about dying and asked over and over again about turning black and decaying and how long it took, I felt inexpressibly annoyed and snapped at them and even said things like "For God's sake, stop talking about it! So she died! So let's *forget* it, shall we?" And they would look patiently at me and I would feel ashamed of myself and talk more gently and discuss at length the processes of disintegration and the effects of no oxygen on the bloodstream, as we slid along the silent canals of the dead town and the guide called out "All heads down" for the bridges.

And then I began to think that the small neat figure just ahead of us in the narrow street to the hotel, or the bowed head with the chic hat in the prow of the canal taxi that had just slipped by was actually Miss Pettigrew's. Silent and shy, she was flitting behind me or ahead, filled with questions and sorrows that were really my own, hating me with my own hatred for having thus innocently thrust myself into her life, which, in turn, was becoming my own life. And I was in a kind of double focus, doubting my motives, wondering why I had been forced to be so generous of myself and of my helpless children—if I had done it because of a hidden hunger for the birdlike love and need of me, if I was indeed a ghoul! And then the questions were more mocking, and my brain went on shaping them this way and that, but always with Miss Pettigrew just ahead or behind, driven by something that had sent her after me, after us, to Bruges instead of northward to Amsterdam with the poor small body of her sister.

Perhaps I'll never know if the white-haired stronger sister reached Holland with her cargo, heavier than planned. I shall never know that she did *not* slip ahead of me in the dead streets of Bruges, or past me silently upon those silent, oily waters, as I shall never know if she hated me for being almost the last one off the ship. —M. F. K. FISHER



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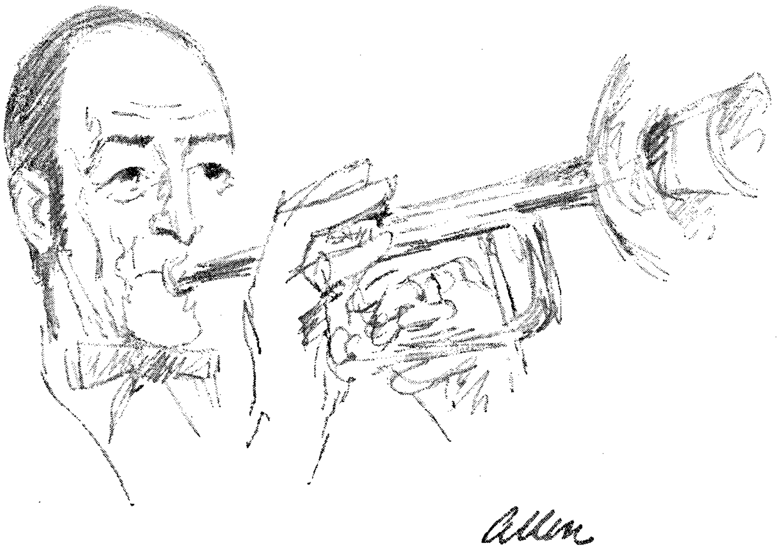
McLaughlin perceives the function of Mr. Nixon's speechwriters as being analogous to music arrangers who work with someone else's composition.

"After receiving the President's outline and contributions from other sources, we strip it down, reassemble and rewire it, reemphasize parts of it, get rid of some of the fat and go with some new stuff," he said.—*National Journal.*

Would that include new metaphors?

PROFILES

MORE INGREDIENTS



Bobby Hackett, the choice, delicate, imperishable trumpet player, is a maze of paradoxes. His mood-music recordings, made in the fifties with Jackie Gleason, can be heard daily as piped-in music in supermarkets across the land, but very few people know whom they are hearing. (He is often confused with the comedian Buddy Hackett.) He is possibly the most respected trumpet player in the business, but in the last year or so he has taken jobs where he could find them—playing with a tuba-and-banjo band, with a trio led by a society pianist, and in a club owned by a cousin, to say nothing of intermittent and wearying field trips to Japan, Canada, Italy, and Australia. He is a tiny man (five feet four and a half, a hundred and twenty-five pounds; an admirer recently said he looks like the groom on a wedding cake) who achieves a baronial, walk-in sound. He has been celebrated for years by his adherents as a successor to Bix Beiderbecke, but his passion is Louis Armstrong. Hackett was a rhythm guitarist for two years in Glenn Miller's band, but the most famous solo ever played on a Miller recording is his exquisite twelve-bar statement on cornet in "String of Pearls." His flat hair and narrowed eyes and miniature hawk features give him a furtive twenties appearance, but he is the gentlest and most vulnerable of men. He is fifty-seven and has been playing for over forty-five years, but he has one of the smallest recorded *œuvres* in jazz. He is the most assured and relaxed-sounding of trumpeters, but he practices a couple of hours every day. And he is a born-and-bred city slicker who now lives in the woods on Cape Cod. His style is equally deceptive. He is a lyrical, even emotional performer, yet his solos have an almost mathematical logic. He plays with sharp rhythmic agility, but he invariably sounds as if he were loafing. His tone is sweet and generous yet unblemished. He is not a great blues player, even though the coloring and feel of the blues are in every solo. When he plays the melody, it sounds verbatim, but close examination of the placement and choice of notes reveals improvisation of the most subtle order. He sounds best when he is playing with stylistic opposites, and some of the most affecting music he has set down has been in the company of Pee Wee Russell and Vic Dickenson and Dizzy Gillespie.

I visited him a little while ago in Chatham, and he looked very different from the last time I had seen him, almost three years before. That was at the annual jazz party given in Colorado by Dick Gibson, the Denver businessman. Hackett had had a couple of drinks at a gathering in Denver the night before the party began. He is a reformed alcoholic and a diabetic, and with the compounding effect of the altitude he fell asleep immediately on the bus to Aspen the next morning, and by the time we reached Loveland Pass, which is twelve thousand feet up, I feared for his life. He looked like a fish out of water. His mouth was open, his breathing was heavy, and his face was shrunken and gray. Vic Dickenson, who was on the bus and is his great friend, got some food into him when we stopped for lunch, and before we reached Aspen he had revived. On the Cape, he looked marvellous. He had a discreet tan, his eyes were bright, and he was full of pep. "You know, this place is something," he said as he led the way down the stairs to his basement music room. "The air and the quiet and the privacy get to you. I'm up at nine, ten every morning, instead of at one or two in the afternoon, and I feel alive again. I fell in love with the Cape when I first played here, thirty-eight years ago, and I've been aiming at living here ever since. Two years ago, I had a gig all winter in Hyannis, and we did a tremendous business, and that decided it. Hell, when I lived in Queens I spent most of my time trying to make enough money to keep up the mortgage payments, so why not do the same thing in a place like this, where it's beautiful and cheap? So I sold the house down there. Everybody on the Cape is so great. Even in the bank I use. It's run by a lot of ex-show-biz types who give you apples and candy and coffee every time you go in, and then lend you money. Find a bank like that in New York."

A small, dark-haired boy came in and said, "Pop, can you drive me somewhere?"

"Where?"

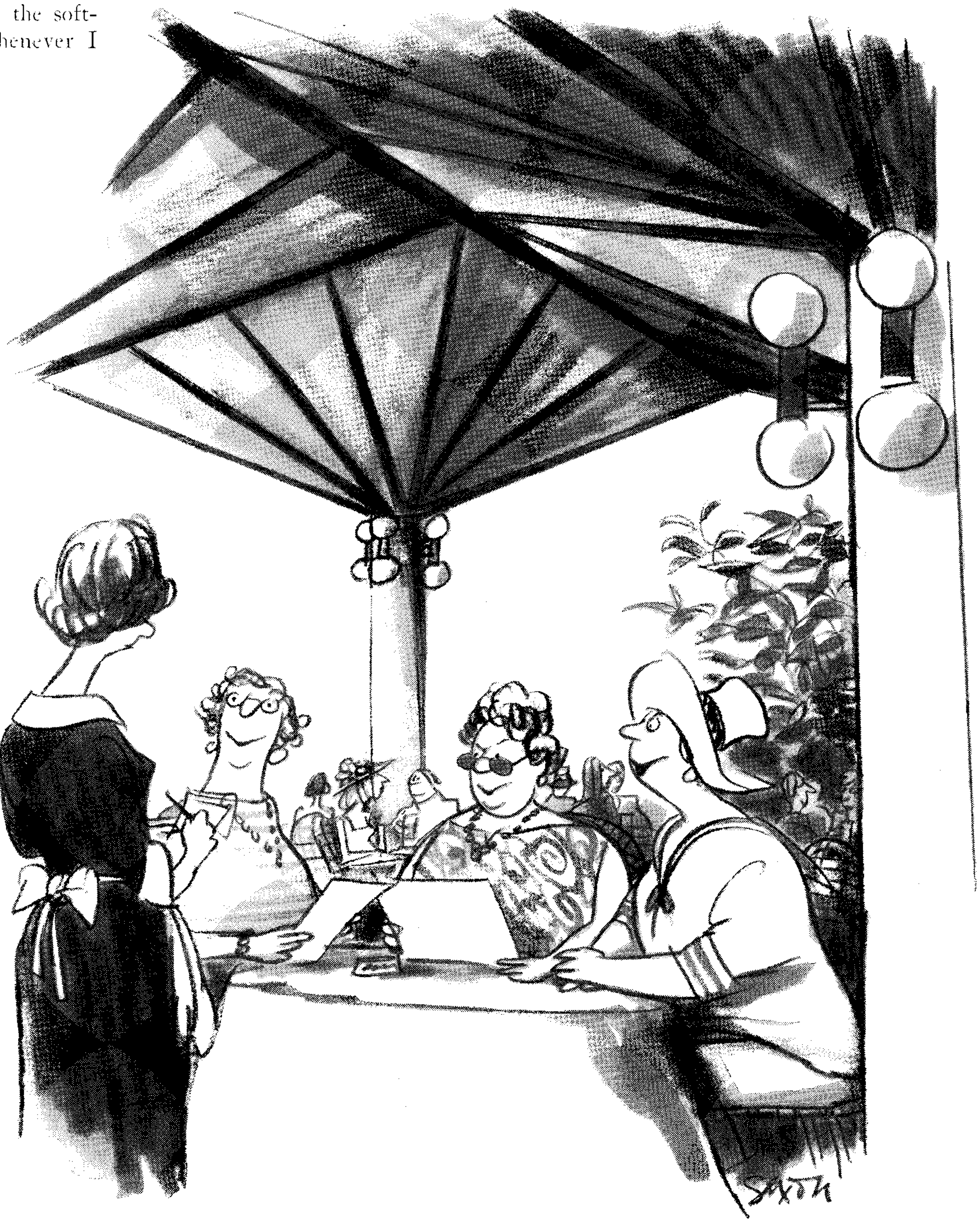
"Fishing. I want to go fishing."

"Yeh, I'll take you later. Now go find your grandma."

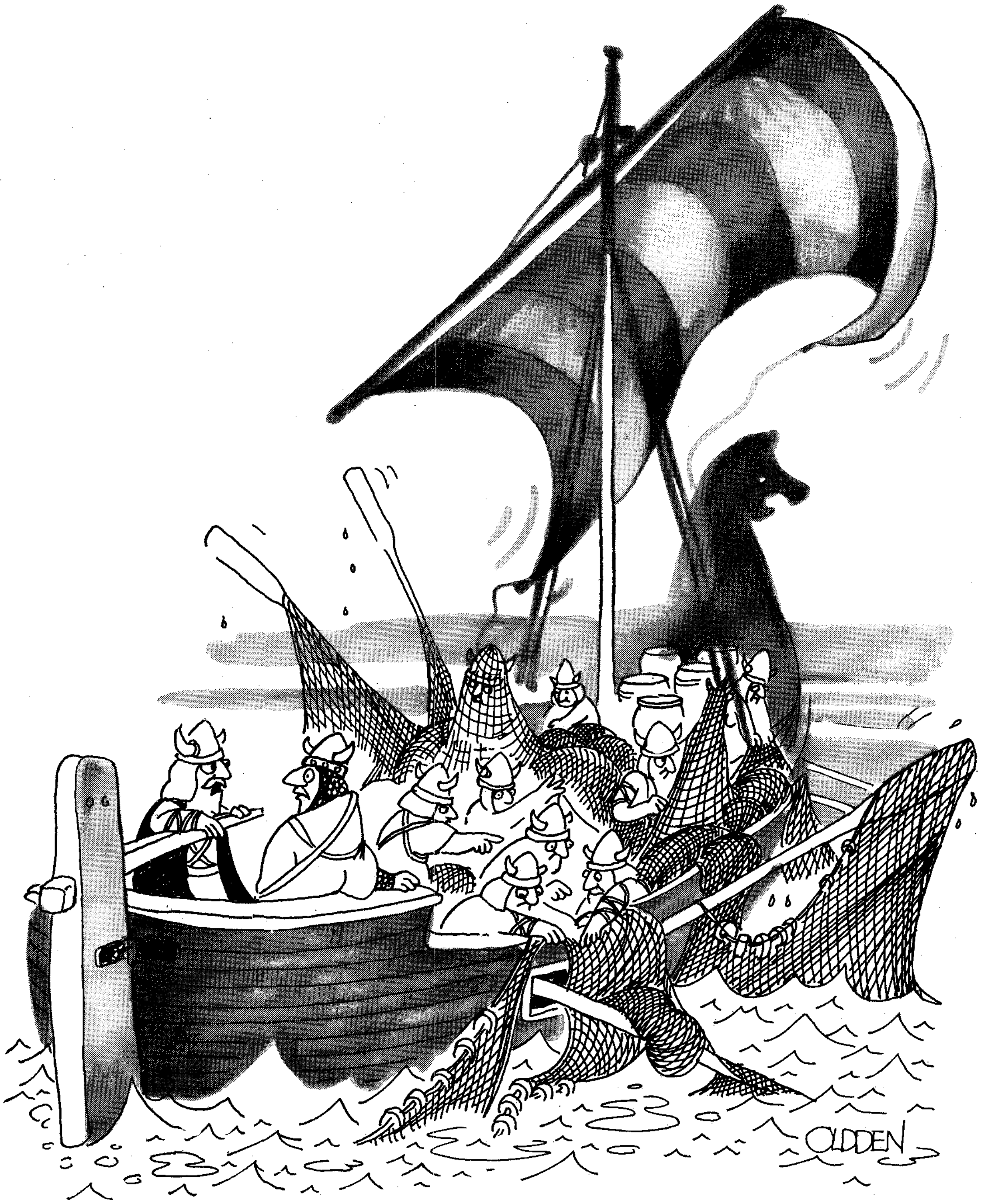
Hackett talks in a deep, soft monotone fretted by a Providence drawl, which falls somewhere between a Brooklyn accent and a South Boston one. "That's my daughter's kid, Bobby. He and his sister, Michelle, spend the summer with Edna, my wife, and me. Their mother works in New York, but my son lives with us. He's a drummer and has a gig now over at La Coquille, in Dennis. They said it would never last with Edna and me. We met in Providence, where we were both born, when we were ten—at a Halloween party. I even left my ukulele at her house to give me an excuse to go back and see her. Edna's mother was French, and it's funny, I've always had a French thing. I love their music—Ravel, Debussy, Edith Piaf—and I love everything else about them. Edna and I were married in the late thirties. I had just gone to New York and I was working with the Lanins. Lester was taking a group to Nantucket for the summer, and he said I could come if I played slide guitar. I said fine, and borrowed one and learned it. I went to all the trouble because I wanted to get married so bad, and going to Nantucket made it possible. It also made a nice honeymoon."

Hackett put down a trumpet he had been oiling and turned on his stereo system. There were four speakers in the room, and Louis Armstrong's "Jubilee" came booming out. It was followed by "S.O.L. Blues" and "Jeepers Creepers." He turned the volume down. "That's part of a nine-hour tape I put together of Pops' stuff. It has recordings from the twenties to the sixties, and it's all mixed together. I play it all day when I'm here. I can't really feel that bad about his death. I mean, he isn't dead, because we're listening to him right now. And he had a good life. He did everything he wanted and he was worth maybe a couple of mill when he went. I worshipped him. I heard my first Armstrong record in a Providence department store when I was a kid, and it turned me around. The sound has never left me. Later, I got to know him real well, and he was a saint. He was the softest touch in the world. Whenever I went into his dressing room at Basin Street, or someplace like that, it would be full of broken-down musicians and show-biz types looking for a buck. It finally got so that Joe Glaser, who managed Pops most of his life, put a twenty-dollar lid on each handout. Even so, I think he helped support hundreds of people. It was one of his greatest pleasures. He always made you feel relaxed, made you feel at home. Probably because his philosophy about life was Man, it's all in fun. In fact, he told me once—that voice way down there in his shoes—'It's a good thing Joe Glaser don't know it, but I'd do all this for nothing.' I'd visit him in Queens whenever we were both in town. Once, he was playing at Freedomland, and I met him there when he was finished. We went to his house and he got into his Bermuda shorts. Then we went to some night club nearby, and walking in with Pops was like walking in with God. We went to a Mrs. Davenport's house in Astoria after, and we ate. She had a Hammond organ, and Pops sat down and played for a good half hour, just ad-libbing and composing little things to himself. I think it was the musical highlight of my life. We went back to his house and we wound up in his bedroom, with him on the bed in his underwear and me sitting in a chair, and we talked about trumpet players. He always said good, nice things about other horn players, like 'Sweets Edison should take that mute out,' but you had to read him close sometimes, because he'd get names and words all mixed up. Al Hirt always came out 'Milt Hoit,' after the organist Milt Herth, and he always called George Wein 'Ted Weems.' What tickled me was when somebody pressed him real hard once about saying who was better—Billy Butterfield or me—he thought awhile and finally said, 'Bobby. He got more ingredients.' "

Hackett is a chain smoker, and he paused and lit another cigarette. "I'm going to get some coffee." He turned the Armstrong tape up again, and "Bye and Bye" came on. The room was cool and dark and comfortable. The shades were drawn—an occupational badge in musicians' houses. Hackett's stereo equipment was laid out on floor-to-ceiling shelves against one wall, and there was a piano against another wall. On the two other walls were an abstract oil, done in 1961 by Pee Wee Russell; an affecting photograph of Hackett seated outdoors and looking down at a trumpet he is holding between his knees; and two photographs of Armstrong. In one, he is standing in a room in his house beside a row of Eskys—Oscar-like statuettes awarded



"Well, if everybody else is going to go berserk, I'll have a rum swizzle, too."



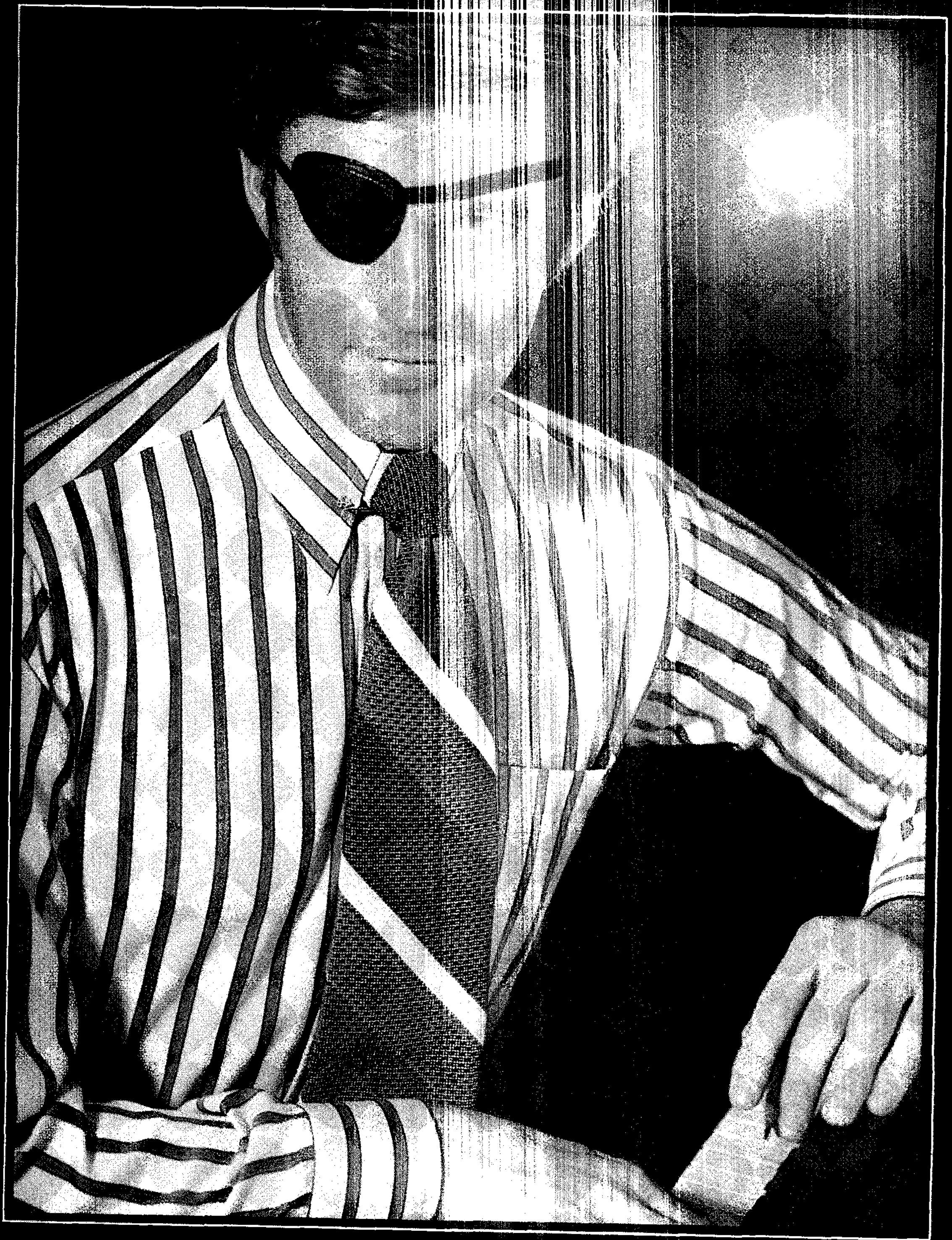
"I knew something like this would happen if we switched to a peacetime economy."

• •

each year in the forties to poll-winning musicians by *Esquire*. The picture is signed "Best Wishes to 'Bobby.' They Don't Come Any Finer—Louis Satchmo." In the other, Armstrong stands beside Hackett and has an arm draped around his shoulders. Hackett is dressed in a rakish trenchcoat and is smiling brilliantly. The "West End Blues" started, and Hackett reappeared with two cups of coffee. He dragged the piano bench over and put the cups on it. Then he turned down the music again and lit another cigarette.

"Pops taught me so much. Once, on one of those Timex television shows, I was supposed to play a solo between his vocal and Jack Teagarden's. It was a slow, slow number, and the first time I tried it I just stumbled. He leaned over to me and said, 'Play whole notes, Bobby, play whole notes.' And, of course, he was right. And the reason I've finally switched from cornet to trumpet is that he was after me to do it for years. He kept saying that if the cornet was all that good everybody would play it. Right again. He also taught me by his example that the key to music, the key to life, is concentration. When I solo, I listen to the piano and the other instruments, and I try to play against what they're doing. But the ideal way to play would be to concentrate to such an extent that all you could hear was yourself, which is something I have been trying to do all my life, to make my music absolutely pure. You either hit home runs or you strike out in this business. Anything in between, you're second-rate. The tune itself has a good deal to do with the way I play. If it's a good tune, I don't change the composer's lines. Any player who edits Ellington or Gershwin or Fats Waller implies that he knows more. The challenge in an Ellington tune is to see what you can do to embellish it. But to tamper with the harmony is like altering a great architect's work. I respect harmonic law and I live within that law. The best way to think when you solo—I learned this from Vic Dickenson—is in subdivisions of four, like four bars at a time. And, of course, all good players play rubato. Your tempo has to be firm, but you are flexible within that. You rob notes here and put them there, and you rob notes there and put them here. The hardest thing of all is to play straight melody and make it sound like you. It's stripping the medium down to its bare parts. I try and practice two or three hours a day, and when I do I feel right when I play that night. And I've studied—with Ernest Williams, a great trumpet teacher in Brooklyn, and with Benny Baker, who's worked with ninety per cent of the trumpet players in New York. You've got to learn the underneath before you can do the top, just as you can't start school in the ninth grade. One of the most important things I learned, though, was from Glenn Miller. He showed me that most jazz musicians have everything backward. They tend to play two beats to the bar at slow tempos when they should play four beats, which would close up all those holes, and they play four beats at fast tempos when they should play two, which would make things sound less cluttered."

Hackett crumpled up an empty cigarette pack and wedged it into the ash-



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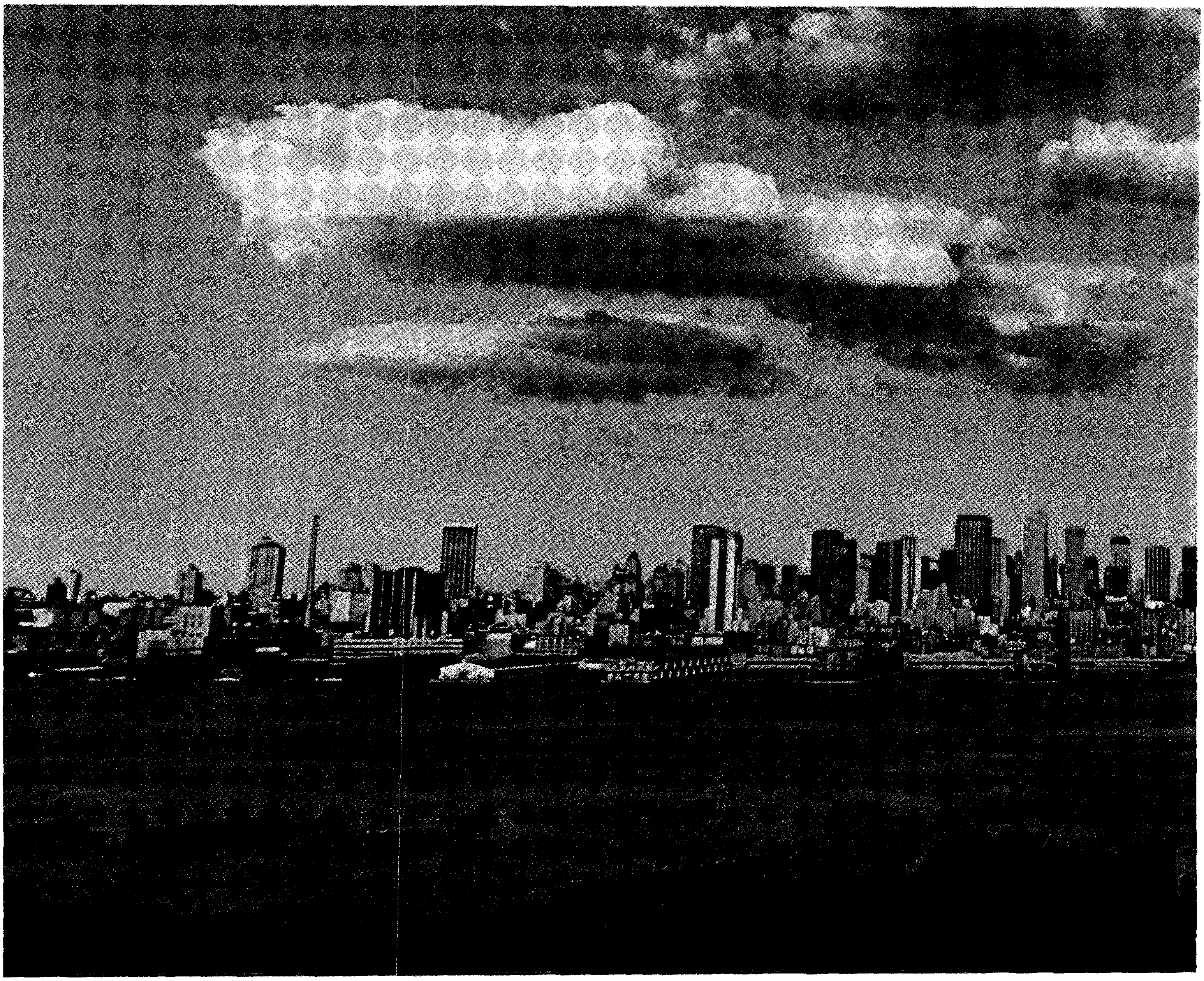

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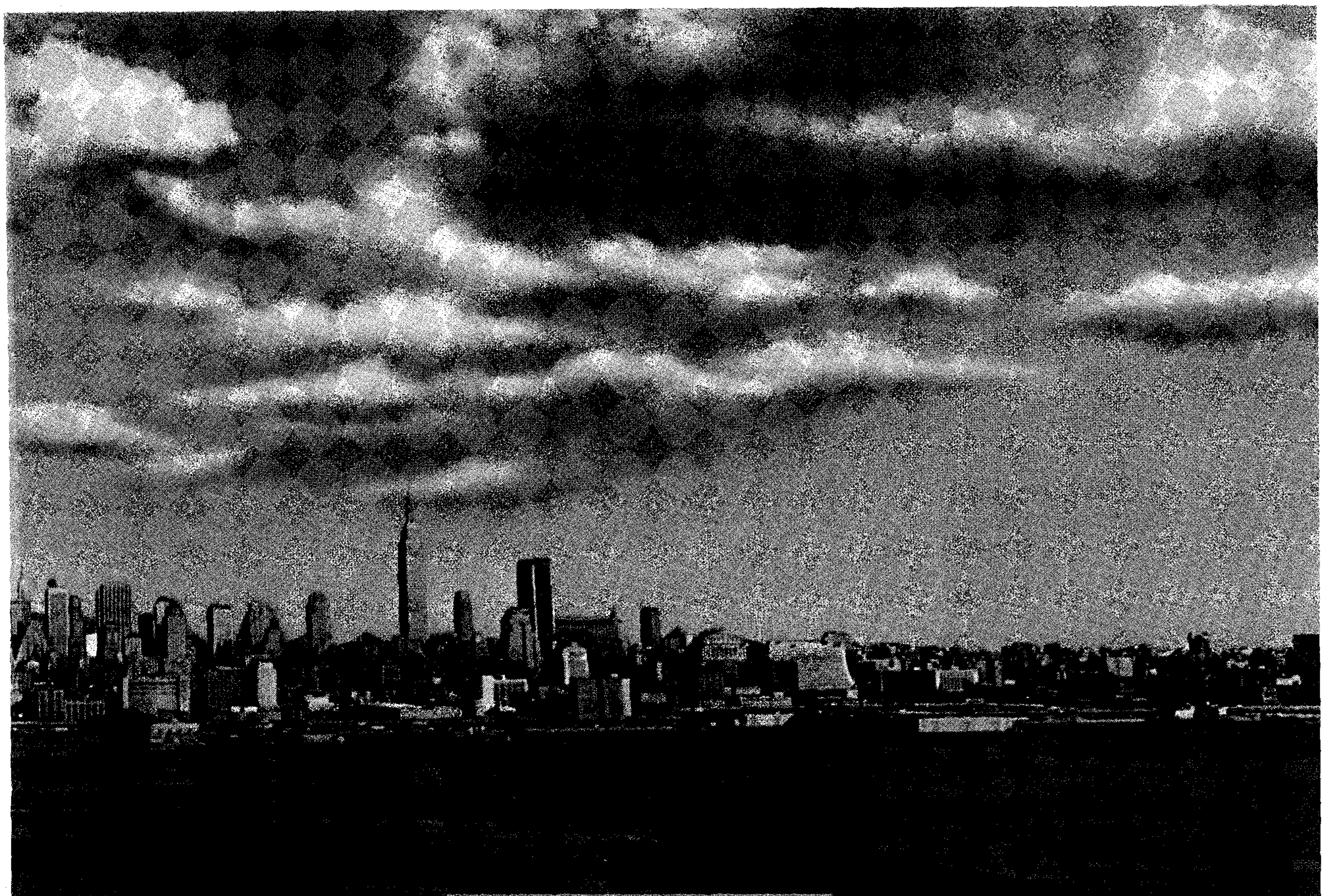

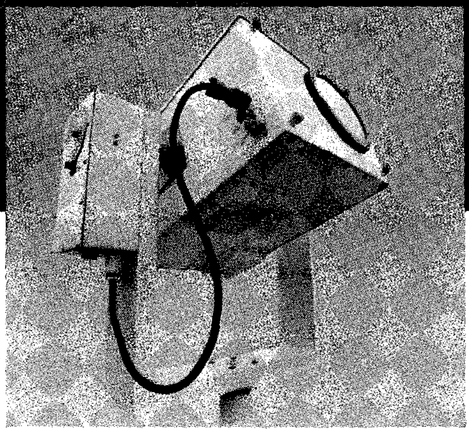

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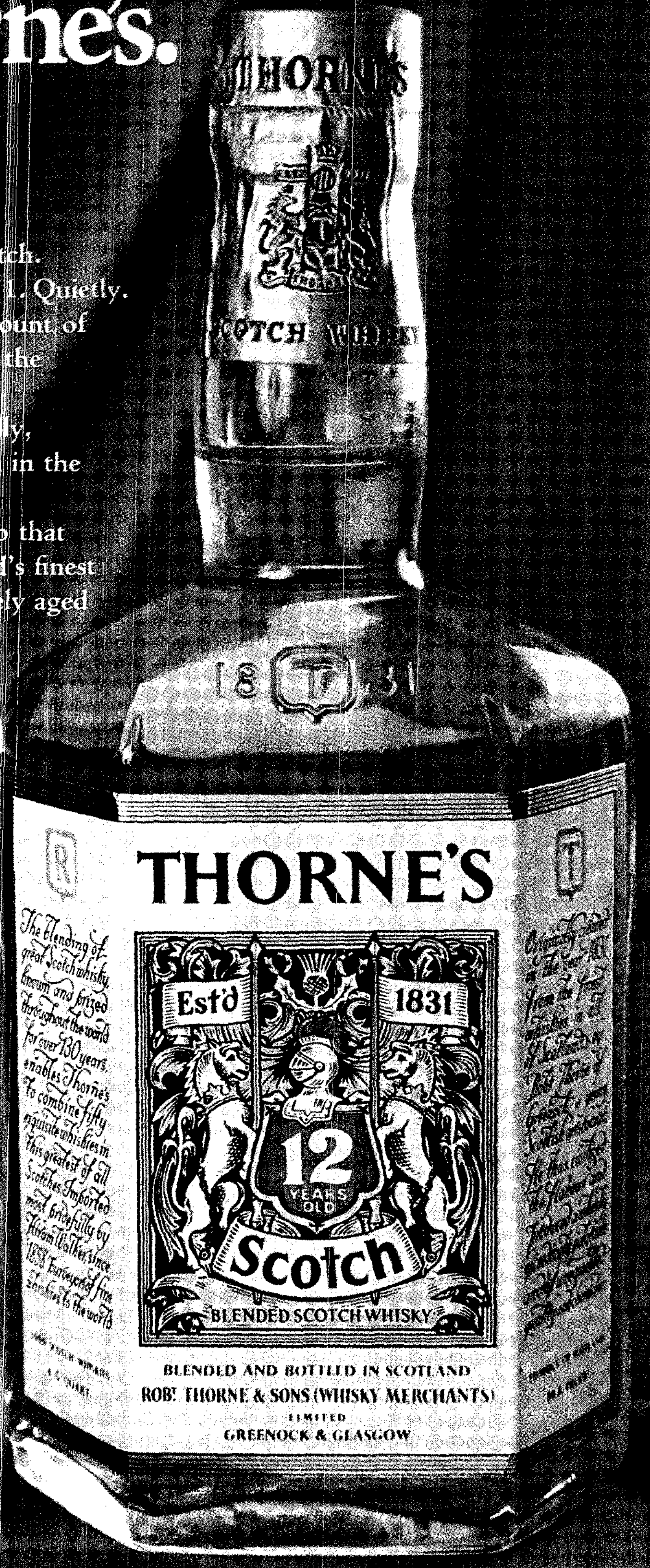
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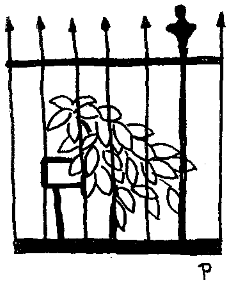
tray, which was a midget version of the standing ashtrays that used to populate hotel lobbies. He opened a new pack and took out a cigarette and lit it. "Miller hired me as a rhythm guitarist in 1941. He made me get an electric guitar, which very few people played then, and I carried that amplifier all over the United States, but I never plugged it in. He was a brilliant man, an honorable man. He was a great leader, with a fantastic sense of programming. When a band sounds the same all the time, it's like wearing white on white. And he was a genius for editing arrangements. He'd listen to a new one and he'd suggest a slightly different voicing or a different tempo or a different background behind a solo, and the whole thing would suddenly fall into place. Like 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo,' which was a million-seller. I was with the band when the picture 'Orchestra Wives' was made. Ernie Caceres, who played baritone saxophone and clarinet with the band, was my buddy, and we'd be out until five or six every morning, and we'd be a wreck when we got to the studio at eight. So we persuaded Lucien Ballard, who was the head cameraman, to let us sit at either end of the band, where we'd be out of camera range and could doze. He did, and the only time you can see me in the picture is in a quick pan shot that if you blinked during it you'd miss me completely. Miller's death was a tragedy. The band, of course, goes on and on, and so does the estate, which must be worth millions. It's weird. I was a luxury to him, because he certainly didn't need a guitarist. I think the reason he hired me was that often at the end of shows, late at night, he'd call me down front and we would play duets. He'd play the melody on trombone and I'd work around it on cornet. I think he loved that."



Hackett stood up and stretched. "You wouldn't know it in here, but it's a beautiful day outside. Let's go up and sit on the balcony, maybe get a little suntan." Hackett went up the stairs and through the living room. A television set was on, and the draperies were drawn. He opened the draperies and stepped out through a sliding door and onto a sundeck that ran around two sides of the house. There were a couple of beach chairs and a small table on it. It *was* a beautiful day, and the heat was tempered by a steady breeze. Hackett sat down with his back to the sun. He looked almost transparent in the light.

"After Miller went in the service, I went with N.B.C. for a year, and then with Glen Gray's Casa Loma band for two years. I took Red Nichols' place. While I was with the band, I finally quit drinking. Muggsy Spanier had put me on to A.A., and that helped. I went to Spike, which was Glen Gray's nickname, and told him I'd be a wreck for a couple of weeks, that I probably wouldn't even be able to find my mouth with my horn. A.A. saved my life. I would have been gone by now. And one thing that has helped me toe the mark is my diabetes, which was discovered ten or twelve years ago. I take a shot every day, and every day it tells me to behave myself. Being an alky hurts in other ways. I was seriously considered for the sound track of 'Young Man with a Horn,' with Kirk Douglas, but somebody at the studio heard I was an alky—even though I hadn't touched a drop in years—and Harry James got the job. And he was paid seventy-five grand. I went to A.B.C. from the Casa Loma band, and I was with them fifteen years. In 1951, I made the first of the mood-music albums with Jackie Gleason. I'd met him on the set of 'Orchestra Wives.' He was playing the part of the bass player in the band and working at Slapsie Maxie's, and nobody had ever heard of him. We had a lot of laughs together on the set, and it was the damnedest thing, because the last words he said to me were 'We've got to make some records with you and a lot of strings.' That was in 1942. The first album, 'Music for Lovers Only,' cost Gleason seven or eight thousand dollars, and he had a hell of a time getting a record company interested. He had a whole floor at the Park Sheraton at the time, and he was living like King Farouk. He gave a big party there for all the record-company boys, and all those geniuses told him he was crazy. Mitch Miller was with Columbia then, and he said to Jackie, 'Look, I've got all these Harry James things on the shelf and I can't sell them, so how can I sell Bobby Hackett?' Finally, a kid who was with Capitol persuaded them to invest a thousand dollars in the record, and the rest is history. We made six albums, and all in all I made about thirty or forty thousand. Gleason has probably cleared a couple of million. I guess

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Cozy Cole summed it all up when he said, 'The big ones keep eating the little ones.' "

Mrs. Hackett, who is a trim, shy woman with dark hair, appeared with a tray. On it were a plate of toasted peanut-butter-and-bacon sandwiches and two cups of coffee. She told Hackett she had to do some shopping, and he peeled a twenty off a roll of bills.

"Edna and I have been together one way or another for forty-seven years. She lived just down the street from me in Providence. I had six sisters and two brothers. There were about five of them older than me. We were very, very poor. We moved from house to house. My father was a blacksmith. He worked for the railroad; he shoed horses. He was an uneducated guy, a wonderful guy, but he couldn't catch up with everything. My mother was a little Irishwoman, and she never went out of the house. She was always there. When I got my first cornet, around twelve, she'd hide it all the time. She couldn't stand the noise. By then I was already playing ukulele and banjo and violin. The first group I played with was a Hawaiian one led by a man named Joe Peterotti. We'd go to his house one night a week to play. And my first regular job was in a six-piece group that played in a Chinese restaurant called the Port Arthur. We played three sessions a day seven days a week, and I made twelve dollars a week. But the spirit was good, and we were on the radio all the time. I quit high school after my first year to take the job, and I must have been fourteen. Joe Lilley played piano in that band, and later he was a choir director for Kate Smith and a musical director at Paramount. The best places to work in Providence in those days were the two ballrooms, the Arcadia and the Rhodes, so I shuffled back and forth between them as a guitarist. I made my first money as a cornettist at the Rhodes. Cab Calloway was playing a one-nighter, and I'd gone down to hear him. He was missing a trumpet player, so they pushed *me* up on the bandstand. I couldn't read or anything, and, boy, the notes went flying by. Claude Jones, the trombonist, was sitting beside me, and he had a pint of gin, which we swigged, and that kept my morale going. At the end of the evening, Cab gave me twenty-five dollars. That was a week's pay then. I put the money on the kitchen table when I got home, and my mother said, 'You got to bring that back to where you stole it.' She couldn't get it in her head that anybody could

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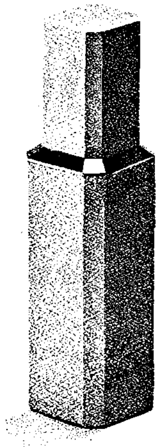

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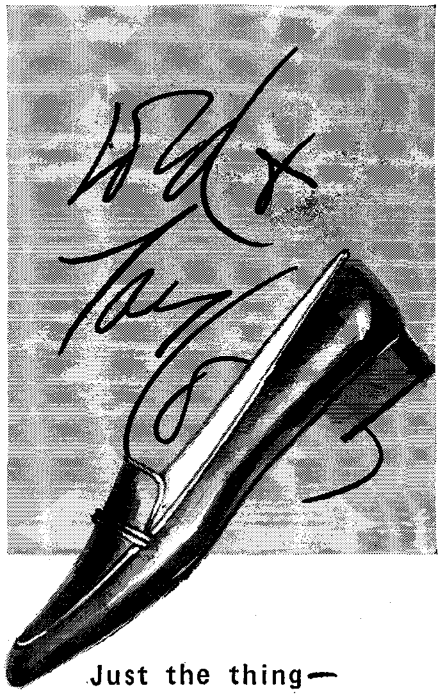

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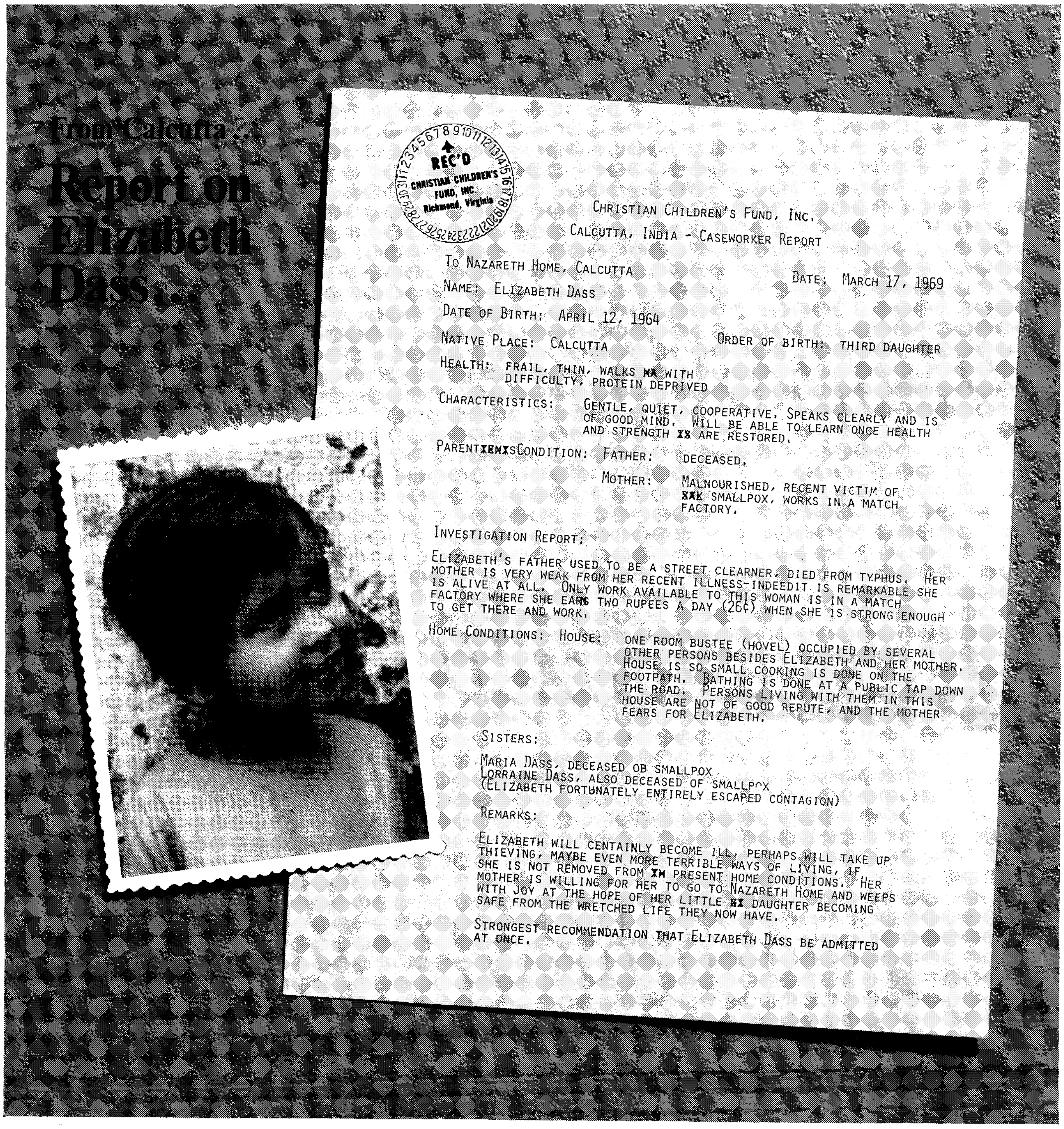

From Calcutta ... Report on Elizabeth Dass...

REC'D
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
Richmond, Virginia

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS MX WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH XX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTXEMXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF XXX SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM XH PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE HI DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

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make that much money in one day. The first gig I had outside of Providence was with a New England band led by Herbie Marsh. It was a winter gig at the Hotel Onondaga, in Syracuse, and two things about it stand out. My ears were puffed up from the cold all winter, and one night after I'd been stumbling all over on the cornet Marsh told me that the hotel manager had told him that if I played one more solo on the cornet the whole band would be fired. Payson Ré, the pianist and society bandleader I played with all last summer, was in the band, and that summer I worked my first job on the Cape with him, at the Megansett Tea Room, in North Falmouth. He encouraged me on the cornet, and gradually I got better. Pee Wee Russell was also in the band, and we did a lot of arranging. He'd sing things to me and I'd write them down, and one of the things we worked out—a 'Muskrat Ramble'—later became a staple in the Jimmy Dorsey book. In the fall, I went to Boston and got my speakeasy training. Pee Wee got me a job at the Crescent Club, which was an upstairs speak. Teddy Roy was on the piano. I used to sit right on the piano and play—guitar and cornet. Some Helen Morgan! I met most of the bad boys in town. I remember one in particular. He was feared. He had six or seven killings under his belt. He took a liking to me, and he'd say, 'Hey, kid. Take care of my girl,' while he went out for an hour and bumped somebody off. Years later, I met him at a hotel in New York where I was playing. He came in with a big group, and one of them was in a monsignor's garb. Near the end of the evening, they all suddenly disappeared. Vanished, the 'monsignor' included. They'd jumped the check, which was seventy or eighty bucks, and I got stuck with it because I was dumb enough to sit down with them. Then I went into the Theatrical Club, in Boston, which was a high-class speak run by Al Taxier. He was sharp and looked like a movie star, and was way ahead of everybody else. We opened the place, and the first week we played regular sets to an absolutely empty house. The sound of the music would leak out to the street, and when somebody would try and come in he'd be told the place was all booked up. The word got around about this fantastically popular new place, and the next week they started letting people in. They grossed a million dollars the first year. I guess we had the first real jazz band in Boston. I had Teddy Roy, and Brad Gowans, the valve trombonist, and two

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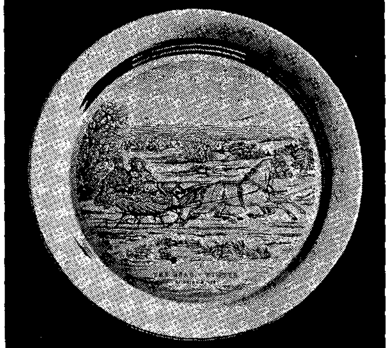

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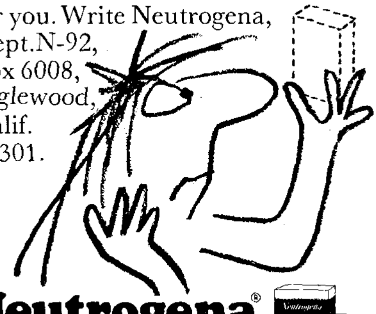

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sax men, Pat Barbara and Billy Wilds, and the drummer Russ Isaacs. Everybody passing through town sat in—Bunny Berigan, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Murray McEachern, Fats Waller—and the place was always full of Roosevelts and people like that. Fats was a bundle of joy. Wherever he was, everybody was happy. He'd walk into a room and shout, 'The joint is officially jumping!' and that was the truth. He drank a lot of Scotch-and-water, which he always called liquid ham and eggs."

The telephone rang, and Hackett went in to answer it. The sun had moved down behind the trees, and the back yard was full of shadows. It was empty, save for a clothesline, and it dropped off into a deep gully. There were pine trees everywhere, and no other house was visible. Children's voices rang in the woods, and a dog barked twice. A pair of gulls drifted sidewise over the trees, and, way up, sunlight winked on a soundless jet. Hackett came back, grinning from ear to ear.

"That was Vic—Vic Dickenson. I didn't know he was back in New York. He's still with the World's Greatest Jazzband. He and I had been working together for a year or so when Dick Gibson, who put the World's Greatest together, asked me if he could hire Vic. He was very nice about it, and I knew it would be a great chance for Vic, and better money. So he went, even though he was dead set against it. He didn't want to have to wear his glasses and read music. Benny Morton took Vic's place with me, and when we went to hear Vic, just after he'd joined the band, Benny said, 'He won't have any problems. After three nights, he'll have everything memorized. Vic has ears like a vacuum cleaner.' What I'd like, if I can swing it, is to go into either Dunfey's or the Sheraton-Regal, in Hyannis, this fall with my own group. I'd like to have my son Ernie on drums, and Dave McKenna, who lives on the Cape and is the best piano player alive. And a local bass player named Tony DeFazio, who's great. He was a child prodigy, and he tunes pianos now. And do you know what else I'd like to do? One night a week would be open time for people to come and sit in. The Cape is full of people who have been frustrated musicians all their lives—people like Heinie Greer, who plays good banjo, and Monk Morley, who plays alto like Frankie Trumbauer. Music is supposed to be fun, and that's what it would be. No seriousness, no self-consciousness. Just

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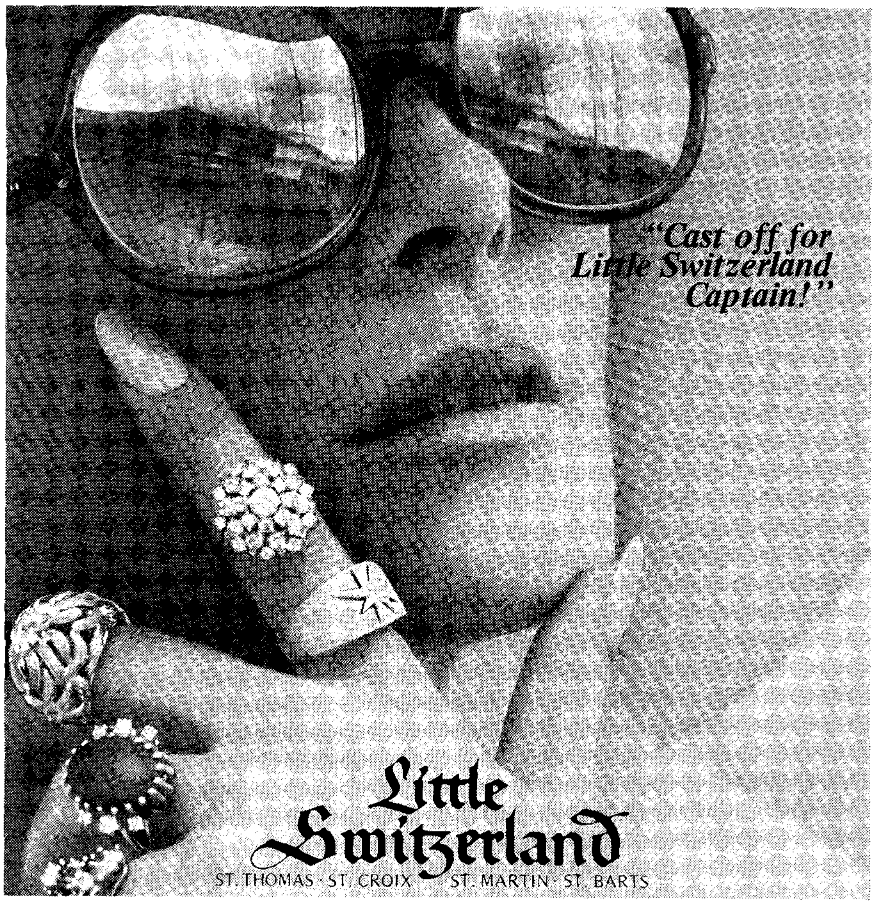

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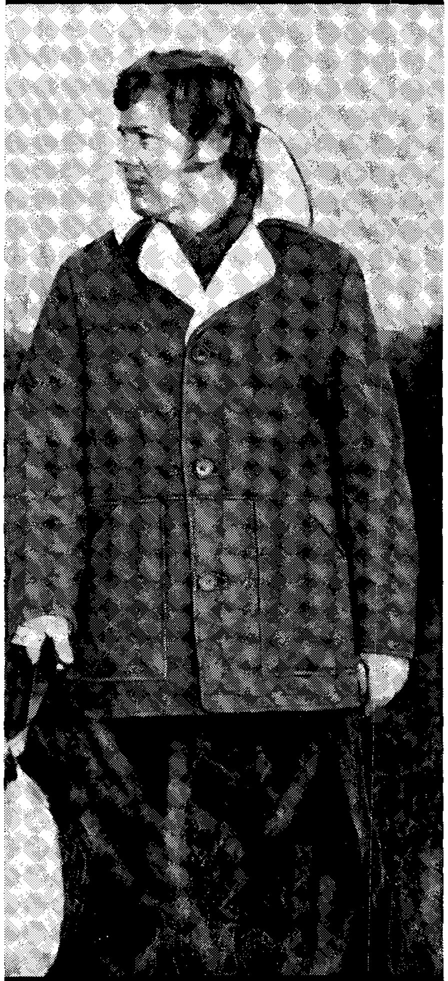

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blowing, and to hell with the musicology. And I've got another ace up my sleeve—my own record company. It's called Hyannisport, and it'll be mainly mail-order. Everybody's got their own label now—Stan Kenton, Dizzy Gillespie, Marian McPartland. Our first release will be stuff we recorded live last winter, with Dave McKenna and my son, Ernie, and me.

"Well, when I was still at the Theatrical, Pee Wee Russell called me from New York and told me to come down. I'd never been to New York, and I was scared from the moment I got off the train at Grand Central with my guitar and cornet. When I went to the Famous Door, where Pee Wee was playing with Louis Prima, who comes on like a hurricane on the stand, I got so scared I got drunk, and I went back to Boston the next day. But I came back again, and when I did I met Eddie Condon, who was on guitar with Joe Marsala at the Hickory House, and I met the singer Red McKenzie. I replaced Condon with Marsala, and then I went down to Nick's, where I had my first gig as a leader in New York. I think I had Georg Brunis on trombone and Dave Bowman on piano and a New Orleans clarinet player named Bourgeois. Sharkey Bonano had the other band. Nick Rongetti was terrific to work for. People sat in all the time, and after someone Nick had never heard played he'd ask me if the guy was any good. If I said yes, he'd tell me to hire him. At one time, I had twelve guys in the band. Eventually, it worked out that there were four trumpet players there—Chelsea Quealey, Muggsy Spanier, Maxie Kaminsky, and me. Nick would pit us against each other. Whichever one of us was sober, he led the band while the other three were off drunk somewhere. But one night *all* of us ended up in Julius's bar, across the street, and all we could do was sit there and look owl-eyes at each other and say, 'Well, we finally put one over on the old guy.' It was around 1940 by this time, and everybody had a big band. Muggsy Spanier had a big band, Fats Waller had a big band, everybody had a big band. So I put one together, too, and it lasted six months, and it was a disaster. I got myself several grand in the hole, and the guy who got me out, by hiring me as third cornet, was Horace Heidt—Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights. It was a musical circus, and I just kept laughing. I was the only guy in the band allowed to wear a mustache, which I guess was a mark of respect."

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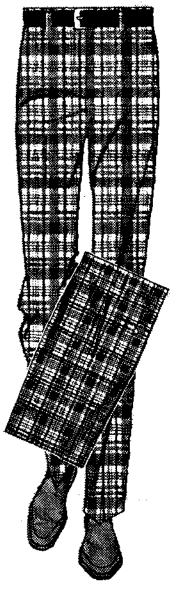

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Hackett stood up and flicked his cigarette into the back yard. "I have to change my clothes. I got a benefit concert tonight up on the Orleans baseball field with the World's Greatest Jazzband. I think Jim Blackmore will drive me up, since the only place I know how to get to on the Cape in a car is my bank in Hyannis. Jim plays cornet when he's not being a plumber. In fact, he plays one of my cornets. He's a great friend. He says that when he and his wife, Chloë, first moved to the Cape they went to sleep every night listening to the Jackie Gleason records. They've been married twenty-six years, and they celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary by going to the church with their nine kids and getting married again." Hackett laughed. "So scuffling's the name of the game. But getting in and out of trouble is where your laughs come from. So far, I've been able to blow my way out of any situation. But as you get older you have to get better. I don't believe in time or age. I feel better now than I did ten years ago. If you do things right, you defy time. You become fadproof. The word 'retire' scares me. Once you get as close to a horn as I have, it's a lifetime proposition. It's a permanent marriage."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

ODE ON INSOMNIA

The woman rises
from the davenport
to get her son a drink of water.
A man reaches toward her,
his mustache knife-wound red. . . .

Clothes lie
like new continents
on the blue rug.

Ice cubes rend.
The boy stares
at the flute of blue smoke
rising from a clamshell ashtray.

You might stay seven forever—
the smoke flute, cold water
in a jelly glass by your
own warm bed, warm mother,
and somewhere fresh bread.
Now go to sleep.

—J. D. REED

•

Q: All those young actors and actresses you mention living together out of wedlock are disgusting. Any more examples?—J.K., Dallas, Tex.—*The News*.

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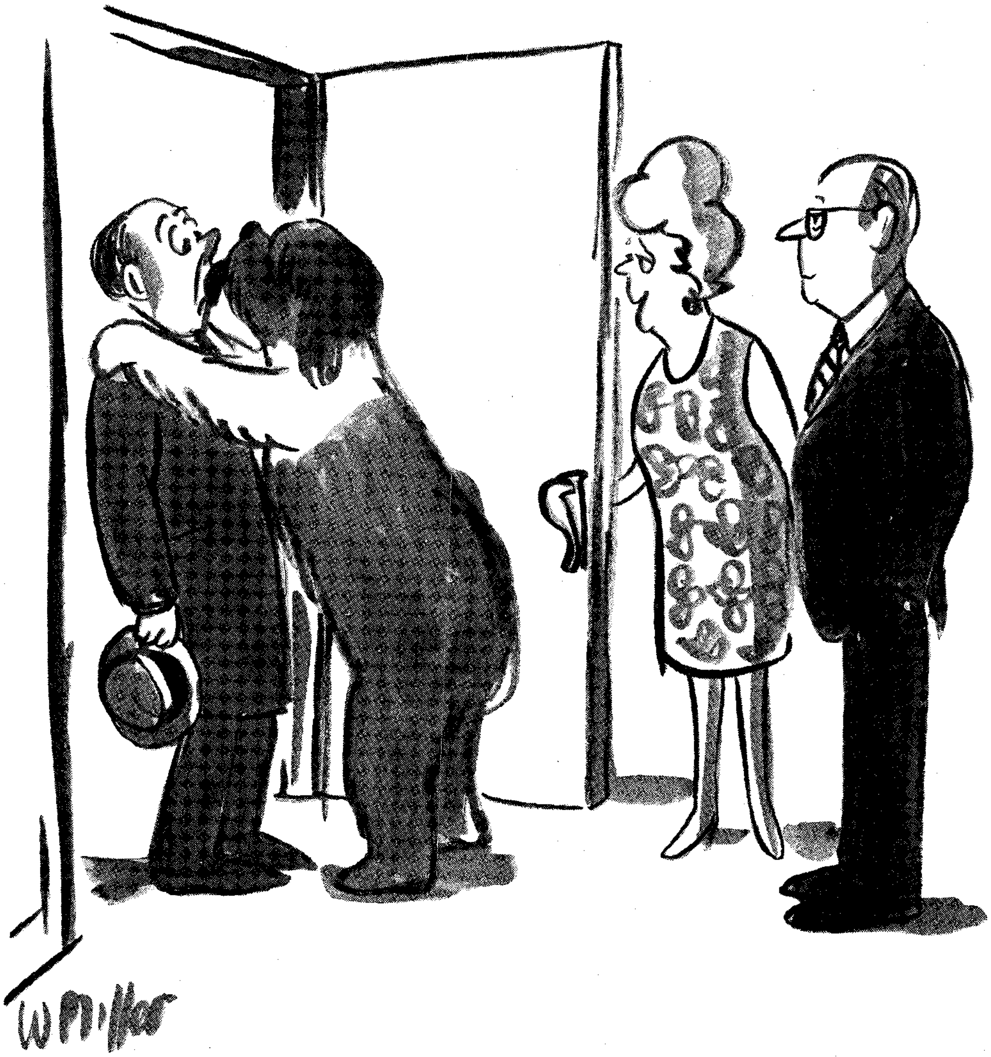
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Beyond the Cuckoo Clocks

THERE are three people in Alain Tanner's Swiss film "La Salamandre," which is a black-and-white movie that one remembers in so many shades of gray that it might have been in color. It is made with a drollery, intellect, and gay clarity that are distinct and reviving.

First, Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier, who was in Rivette's "L'Amour Fou"), an imperishable little lizard of a girl who goes through fire unchanged. She is a beauty who was once told she was pretty enough to be a hostess—a buyer wearing a little hat in a dress shop, she thinks it must have meant; but not an air hostess, because of not knowing languages. She stuffs sausage skins in a sausage factory at the moment, and hates her job with all her heart. She won't stick it for long. Other people sustain doing things, but she doesn't. She comes most alive when she is in a swimming pool, and she pines to be told funny stories. Different moods engulf her from minute to minute. She will take an anarchic step and not understand what she has done at all; she lives like a non-resident, and there is no ground under her feet. She will fiddle with the cross that hangs from her neck, looking immeasurably sulky, and then something will suddenly transport her. Miraculously, she looks beautiful all the time. The idea of the factory makes her want to let out a scream or to break something. (The gap between work and play has seldom been made more eloquent than in this film, and closing it seldom more a matter for politics.) She usually wears a maxi-coat and shorts or a miniskirt, walking with a man's stride that makes it clear she hasn't in her whole life been encumbered by anything as crippling to gait as a clutch bag. Sometimes she thinks she's nice, sometimes not. It depends on whom she's with. ("I wonder what will become of me. Now I feel ancient. But now I feel gay. *I wonder what will become of me.*") The girl is called after a saint because she was born into such an enormous country family that her parents had run out of secular names. She was sent as a schoolgirl to live with an uncle in Geneva, a whining old warrior who keeps his military rifle on the wall like a team photograph and cleans it as if he were a rabid housewife. He thinks ill of her. She had an illegitimate baby at seventeen, he says. She was always a loose child, he says. Lazy, no respect, no gratitude, he says. He tells a story that once hit the newspapers about her having shot him in the shoulder with his rifle; she maintains that the incident happened when he was cleaning it. Their stories conflict, and no one has ever reconciled them.



"Just tell him you love him too, and he'll stop."

Second, Pierre (Jean-Luc Bideau), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist much fascinated by the unmatching narratives and struggling at the moment with a series of articles about Swiss investment in Brazil. He has the lopsided face of a very tall schoolboy being dragged by the nose. As much as the girl, he incarnates one of the themes of the film: the political topic of the number of modern people to whom the right to be themselves is systematically refused. Pierre, like Rosemonde, embodies something about the contemporary feeling of being dispossessed and stifled. Pierre rather intimidates Rosemonde. She thinks of him as an intellectual: he is one of Them. He has a straying, patient, horselike mind compared to his friends. You feel that perhaps his splendiferous height sapped his earthly concentration when he was growing. His larkiness is surprising and gentle. He talks chattily to a stiff-backed civil-defense inspector about a man who made a fortune out of inventing a bevelled opening for tubes of mayonnaise.

And then Paul (Jacques Denis), a low-key, lovable man with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's. He is a writer. He lives with his poet wife and his small daughter in a no man's land between the frontiers of France and Switzerland, and cheerfully cycles fifteen kilometres to see Pierre about the project of writing something about Rosemonde. "Riding a bike is snobbery," says Pierre, which is a rather beastly insult to such a dedicated friend and pedaller. It is because Paul is badly off that he rides a bike and lives at a distance where the rents are minute. Some snobbery. He is engrossed by off-center ways of making money, and prefers painting houses to doing hack work as a writer, since he takes writing gravely. He treats himself to two lumps of sugar in a cup of coffee and insists on what he calls his de-luxe pen, but otherwise he spends his most solemn

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time clowning with Pierre and having discussions. Pierre wonders what the point is of knowing there's a connection between the crushing of bodies *there* and the crushing of spirits *here*, considering one could know it and the knowledge would still roll like a small gray pebble down the slag heap of the news. Paul, on the other hand, doesn't seem a man to recognize hopelessness. It is partly his feeling about writing that protects him, partly his quixotic talent for friendship. When he's sad, he sings. The writing of the Rosemonde story alarms him, because he wants to keep away from journalism: "A journalist repeats what he has come to know. I'm trying to discover the sense of what I've already learned." He has an instinct for fiction that Pierre lacks. Even before knowing Rosemonde, he makes up stories about her that come close to the bone of the facts. Every nerve end tells him he'll be wrecking his way of working if he gets to know her. But he does, and falls in love with her. A peculiar unsmiling jokiness in practicality conjoins them. She quits the sausage factory in a fine huff, leaving in front of her boring machine a deposit of non-skinned sausage that has taken the shape of some overdressed wig of ringlets, and goes to work in a shoeshop. "I want shoes to put my feet into," Paul says to her soberly, entirely matching the tone of Rosemonde herself, who enrages the cashier by telling a customer that she thinks the shoes he has chosen are lousy. At home, Rosemonde shows Paul and Pierre her eye-view of working life in the shoeshop. Feet and ankles and ugly legs. It's a dog's view. She crawls about on hands and knees and laughs at the two men, whom she thinks of as looking like Laurel and Hardy. She once does a sort of body inventory of herself, like a girl in a Godard film. The picture is full of seriously enacted comic incidents about totting things up. Paul and Pierre are on their beam-ends, for instance, having a glass of wine in a café, and Paul suggests in his formal way that they might do their accounts; what's the point, in Pierre's view, when they haven't got any money?

The film is about freedom and constriction: about the conditions that allow people to make themselves up (which has its parallel in Paul's story about Rosemonde), and about being stalemated for economic and social reasons. "It is very difficult to work together," Paul says about collaborating even with his best friend, though unity is the only hope. It is no accident that the film is set in Switzerland, that little isolationist country lately forced financially into collaboration by the good fortune of becoming a big economic power. Tanner and his co-scriptwriter—the bilingual John Berger, a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist with a fastidious eye, now living in Geneva—imply in the film that, the change having led to the importation of a foreign work force and higher rents, all sorts of Poujadisme and xenophobia have followed. Paul has a very funny scene dressed up as a Turk on a tram, banging a suitcase as if it were a drum and vainly inviting open opposition to himself from the secretly furious other passengers. First it was the Italians and the Spaniards, now it's the Turks; soon it'll be the *blacks*, with their *dancing* and their *transistors*. The pent-up anger swells. It practically fuels the tram.

The film is photographed and edited to proceed slowly, with a lot of mid-shots that characteristically allow you to make your own choice of what to look at. Sometimes there is a voice-over commentary, adding to the sense of distance and the possibilities of forming judgments. The intellectual means are subtle and simple; what one sees on the screen is funny and exact. The picture imparts the same freedom to fool about and to feel intimate that Paul and Pierre have together. Rosemonde, less grown-up and more battered, breaks loose in more violent ways. Her face changes are extraordinary. There is a wonderful scene while some rock is playing on the gramophone: she shakes her head as if she had a bee swarm in her hair, and then goes on shaking it hysterically when the music is turned off, perhaps to get rid of her feeling of sloth when she thinks about a life of consignment to working for a dulled boss class. The changes in her face reinforce the conclusion that there is little point in taking it that any outer surface contains the person or thing, since we are so conscious now of the psychological and physical idea that nothing can unchangeably contain itself. The picture of Rosemonde shaking her head, which becomes an amputated closeup, reminds you of the aesthetic purpose of Géricault's severed heads and limbs in his paintings of madhouses and hospitals. He was describing the supplanted who had been divested of power and belongings, and his manner was bitterly skeptical of the rules then governing society. He was asserting the power of the urge in people to get out of the trap. ("In my story," Paul says to Rosemonde about his fictional idea of

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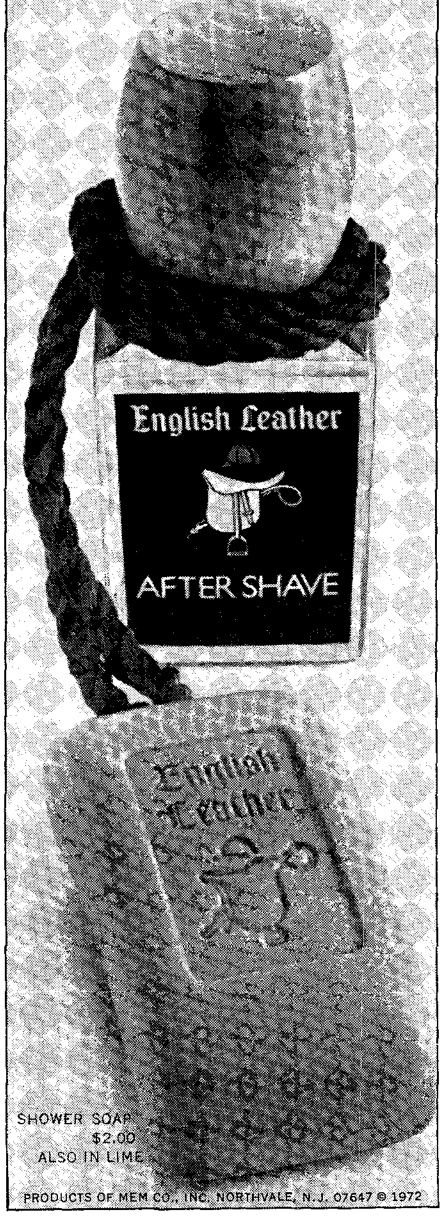

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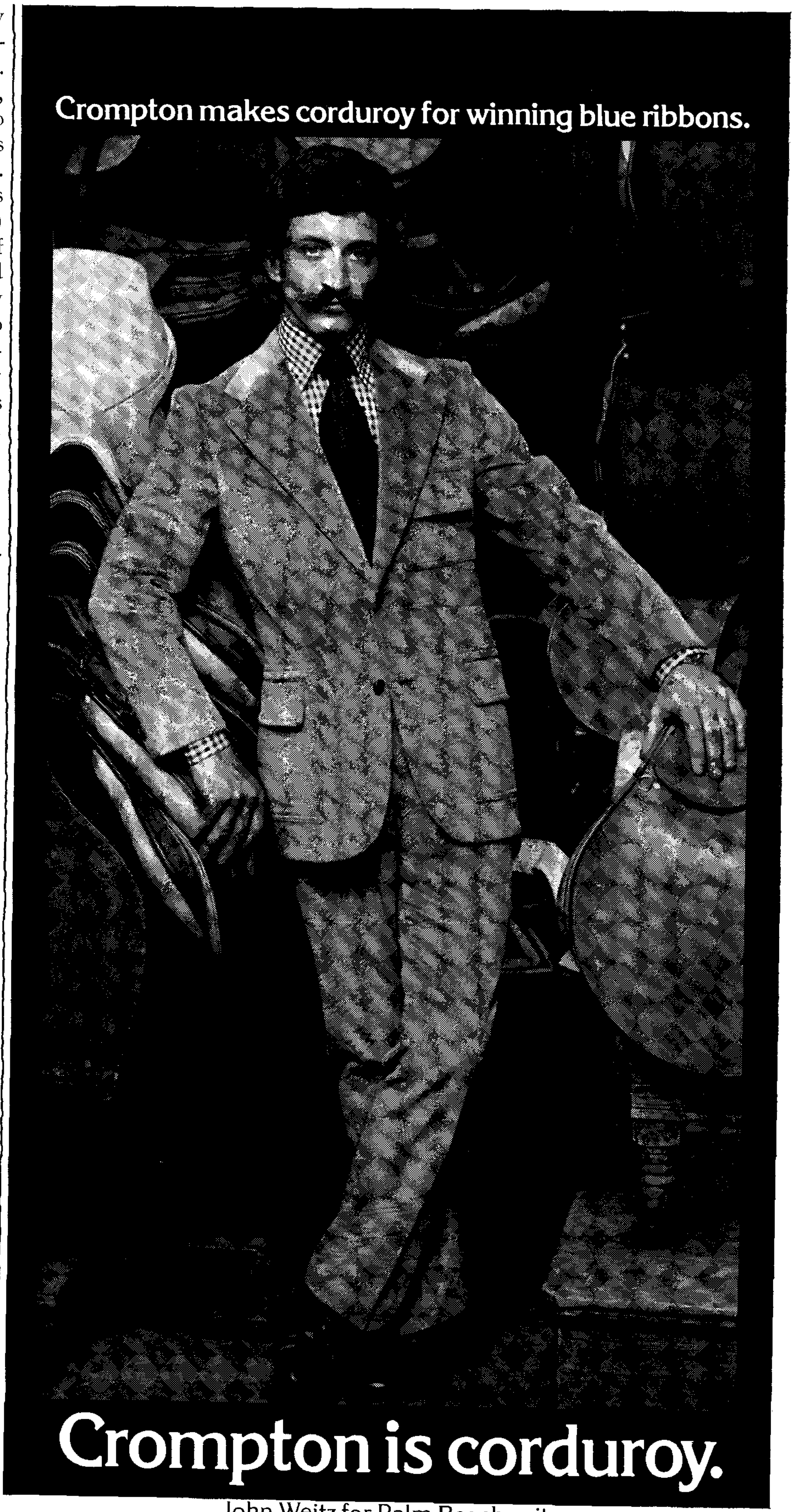
her, which so often intersects sweetly with the truth, "you have three lovers." "At the same time?" she asks. "Oh, no. Following each other." "Ah, good." "There was one of them who pleased you, in a sad sort of way," says Paul. "What was he like?" she asks. "He was *trapped*," Paul says. "He was like a whore working in a factory.") The dismembered heads and limbs of the dissecting room that were painted by the Romantics represented not only the clefts in society but also a wish to be free and a clear longing for a wholeness that might be regained in a new form. This inextinguishable notion is at the root of "La Salamandre," which is a beautifully lucid and affectionate film. When the picture ends, the word "*Fin*" does not appear.

SAM PECKINPAH's very fine "Junior Bonner," with a screenplay by Jeb Rosebrook, is a splintered piece nominally about the dead-and-gone past of rodeos. Steve McQueen—good actor—plays an adventurer called Junior, too young to be so tarnished with wild disappointment but too old to be as easy a rider as he used to be. Ida Lupino is magnificent as his mother, run-down and watchful for his future, with wells of anger reserved mostly for her prospector husband (Robert Preston), who gets royally drunk, runs the car into a ditch, skedaddles out of hospital after flirting with his nurse, and goes roaring about the countryside to see Junior in the rodeo. Father and son belong to the washed-up. Junior isn't as junior as he was, and Father's dream of going to prospect in Australia strikes no one else in the family as being nearly such a sure idea financially as another son's deadening venture in all-electric trailers, from which he has already made almost a million. Father and Junior unite as their own frontier generation, joined in distaste for the brother's prissy wife, who has the gall to tell her mother-in-law not to smoke at her own table "while you're feeding our baby"—a child of gruesome gentility who looks to be at least four. "Money's nobody's favorite," says Junior. The script is tersely written. Later on, in a Tennessee Williams-like speech to his mother, Junior says, "About that money I haven't been paying you. There's going to be a continued interruption." The Ida Lupino character, who has a voice like a nutmeg grater, takes it as sad that people don't change—neither her husband, careering around the country, nor her more sedate son and his wife, who are doing so repellently well in the new order, nor her impossible other boy, who still looks like an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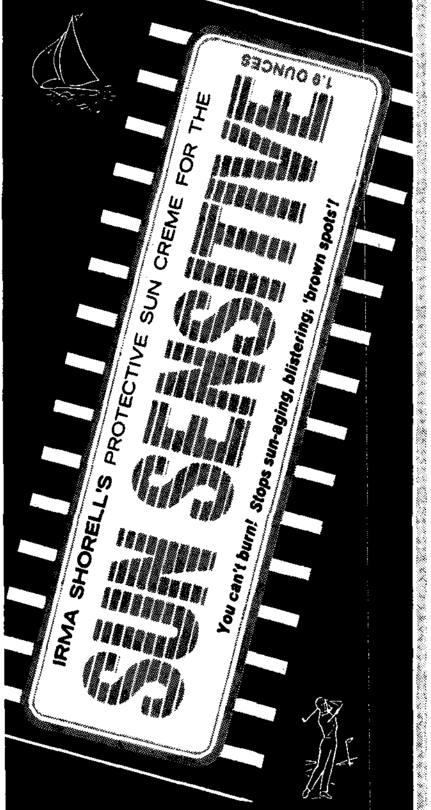
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all-American roamer and enjoys the same boisterous practical jokes as his father, though he is already sprouting gray hairs around his good-looking face.

Lucien Ballard photographed the film in what are probably deliberately the colors of advertisements for trailers and cocktail trolleys. We are in the heart of silent-majority America, where barroom brawls can be stilled by playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Father tells a boastful story of athletic prowess which he has obviously told a thousand times before, and Mum goes out to get some air. He follows her, and they rail about his plan to go to Australia. "*Australia!* You *are* a broken record," she says to her non-gold-finding prospector husband, sounding at last far gone in fury, this practical, sensible woman. There are moments when the film seems to have turned into a story about the mother and father, and, later on, into one about the father and Junior, of the most pungently American sort—certainly never into one about the millionaire nonentity, let alone about rodeos. We often say of this country that it is the place with no past, but it has one in Peckinpah's movie.

The Steve McQueen character is softly done. He is no buccaneer. One isn't used to self-irony of his sort in a piratical prototype. In a barroom scene in which the stock movie hero would be roistering, Junior says sharply about himself to a bull-owner, "That's me, Buck—just full of self-confidence." The film has a harsh laugh buried in it, like an enduring old boozer's cackle; much robustness; much technical grasp; and moments of piercing expansiveness typical of the best of Peckinpah's work.

"THE NEW CENTURIONS" is a sort of Agnew production in praise of the police. Aren't your Los Angeles cops wonderful, says the film, which is directed by Richard Fleischer (who always manages to give his pictures the dozy motion of goldfish avoiding each other) and written by Stirling Silliphant. The blue-suited upholders of law and order in this film are the new centurions, we are told: like the Roman centurions, they are "unsupported and unhonored by their countrymen." They are like the men who "held the frontiers of Empire until Rome was finally overwhelmed by the barbarians." The barbarians are the rest of us, I think—mavericks, upstarts, the young, anyone out of uniform, scum. The cops are represented here mainly by the impeccably thoughtful George C. Scott as Kilvinsky and by Stacy Keach as his junior, Roy. Never

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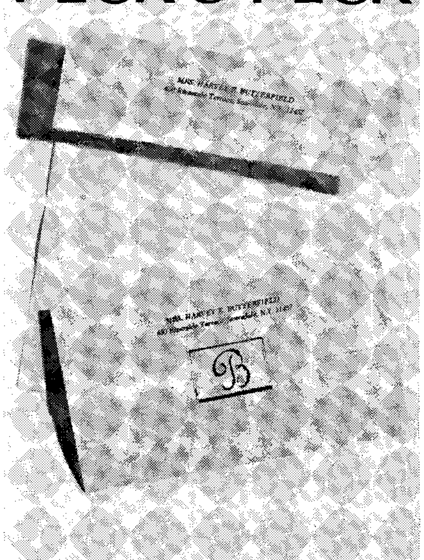

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Every twenty-four hours is full of events. If it isn't a narcotics bust, it's a whores' roundup, or a robbery in a wine store, or an incident with a cheating landlord about overcharging on the rent. "The New Centurions" is like a soap opera about surgeons. Crime follows crime like appendectomy following tonsillectomy. There is no end to the niceness of the heroes, who always have a kind word to spare for the worried relatives of any little boy having his adenoids out, so to speak. The equivalent of the young interne's wife—Roy's uncomplaining Dorothy (Jane Alexander)—waits up in her frilly nightdress until three in the morning with a small child who has painstakingly inscribed "Supercop" for Daddy. The wife takes disappointment on the chin every time, and has candles and a couple of steaks ready for her husband's return from patrol in the small hours. "You like being a cop," she spits at last, which is not exactly the curse of a termagant; but still, from where the movie sees it, the line is a filthy piece of popular obtuseness about the police. No one realizes what uprightness and humor you have to have to be a policeman, says the film. The Stacy Keach character—the one whose untrained hand trembles as he shoots—is drawn as a witty chap. His sense of fun about pulling someone in overwhelms even salty old-timer George C. Scott, who behaves according to the inner edicts of the individualistic hero of the traditional Western: he does what he has to do. We are in a fake world where policemen function without graft or temper, and always behave with a hilarious sort of weary stamina in situations that would try the patience of Dr. Kildare. "*Damn* it, Dorothy," says Roy, using high masculine rage of language to defend being a cop, "it's not just a uniform, it's a state of mind." (There are times when you wonder whether "The New Centurions" is a recruiting film.) In this movie, the merits of law and order are presented superstitiously, and the practices of citizens in mufti are seen as dangerous voodoo about populism. Any dispute here between the rule of conservative law and the rule of communal dissidence is dramatized at the level of a wrangle between faith healers about the advantages of rival incantations.

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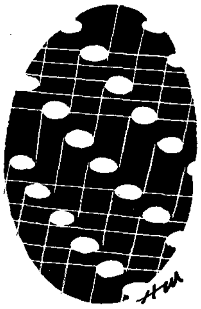
MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.

THE hysteria over the Rolling Stones' tour took me by surprise. I did not expect that they would inspire such a rush for tickets that their promoters would find it necessary to hold a lottery to avoid a riot in New York. Nor would I have predicted that "Exile on Main St.," a double album whose immediate impact was less than compelling, would quickly become a No. 1 record. The 1969 tour had caused plenty of excitement, but not on this high-strung level, and since then there had been a perceptible anti-Stones reaction among erstwhile loyalists. Much of this reaction invoked Altamont, though it had less to do with any genuine moral indignation over the Stones' part in that disaster than with chagrin that they had blown the Woodstock myth. It didn't help that "Sticky Fingers" was not a flashy album (though, like "Exile on Main St.," it turned out to be a lot better than many of us thought at first). But the main problem was that the Stones were, after all, yesterday's papers. They were the epitome of sixties rock and roll, but the sixties were over. Their swaggering was not only sexist but campy; their lean and hungry cynicism had got fat and well fed. Besides, debunking a legend is almost as much fun as building one. And yet here were all these kids, who had never experienced the world that was re-created for me every time I heard "Satisfaction" on the radio, mailing in their lottery postcards by the dozen, and even by the hundred. All of a sudden, the Stones were a larger-than-life fantasy again. What the fantasy was to be was not exactly clear. I listened intently to "Tumbling Dice," the most enigmatic single the Stones had ever released; no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make out the words. "Exile on Main St." was more of the same. It was full of intimations of urban chaos (a white "There's a Riot Goin' On"?), but the hints were obscured by a sound that was both fuller and fuzzier than usual.

Still, there were two obvious factors in the Stones' new ascendancy. One—unfortunate for the sensibilities of moralists (as pop paradoxes usually are)—was the publicity fallout from Altamont, especially the Maysles movie, which, in the way it impressed Mick Jagger's persona on the public, had functioned as the Stones' "A Hard Day's Night." A lot of people who were rock-and-roll fans only casually, if at all, had become Stones-conscious. "The Stones are just a big social event," sneered a friend of mine, and in one sense, at least, it was true: *everybody* wanted one of those tickets. The other factor, of course, was that the tide of nostalgia had crept up to the early sixties. The Beatles were inaccessible, Dylan virtually so; who knew how long the Stones might be around? Better get it while you can, people reminded themselves, and they sent in their postcards.



Well, their instincts were right. The Stones' opening concert at Madison Square Garden was terrific. In spite of the heroic security—I was checked by no fewer than eight cops, two of whom inspected my handbag—I have never had a friendlier time at the Garden. The crowd was almost too wholesome; I was relieved to see a few freaky costumes and aspiring Alice Coopers. But it was happier than any rock audience I'd been part of in years, and I'd forgotten what a difference that could make. Stevie Wonder's set was weak at the start but soon picked up; that beatific quality of his began to bounce off the audience's warm vibes, and by the time he was through I was feeling very high and not even impatient. At about nine-forty-five, Jagger pranced onstage, followed by the rest of the band, including its temporary extra members—Nicky Hopkins on piano, Bobby Keys and Jim Price on horns. For the rest of the evening, they kept it light. Mick clowned and mugged and leaped and posed. If you wanted to know where he was at, all you had to do was listen to "Midnight Rambler." He began and ended it as a fast, jaunty rocker. In between, a red spotlight switched on and Mick did his old stage-whipping number, flailing his sash and screeching, parodying, exorcising, vomiting up his diabolic side. The only other song that made me feel the weight of all that has been won and lost since "Satisfaction" was "You Can't Always Get What You Want." Mostly, Mick and the band played down personality and played up the sheer excitement of their music. They gave us "Brown Sugar" and "Bitch," "Rocks Off" and "Tumbling Dice," "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "Street Fighting Man." The audience demanded an encore and got one: Mick and Stevie together, singing "Uptight" and, finally, "Satisfaction." Only then, deaf, hoarse, and ecstatic, were we ready to leave. The message of the concert—and perhaps of "Exile on Main St." as well—was "Whatever else we may or may not be, *we are rock and roll.* Dig it!" We did. It was a gas, gas, gas.

SEVERAL hours later, listening to the radio, I heard Alex Bennett (you remember Alex Bennett, fired by WMCA, martyr of the cultural revolution?) denounce the Stones as decadent, assembly-line performers who were in it only for the money, unlike truly dedicated musicians blah blah, and imply that anyone who had enjoyed the concert—which Bennett had only reluctantly attended—was a potential Nazi. I reflected that it had been a free concert, a bona-fide counter-cultural scheme, that had killed Meredith Hunter. What can you say about a cultural revolution that died? I unpacked my new Rolling Stones T-shirt—I would wear it tomorrow—and went to bed. —ELLEN WILLIS

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"I just redid my husband's bookcase that was really rather disreputable looking since we don't own a matching set of encyclopedias and the assorted shapes and colors of the books (some a bit shabby in spots) really needed a lift.

"After recovering the books, which was quite a chore, I decided to add a bit more touch of Early American, which happens to be the decor in this particular room in our home. I filled two one-pound coffee cans with rocks, covered them with red, white and blue felt to resemble drums; added a little gold braid and had myself some darling book ends to finish the job.

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—Rita A.

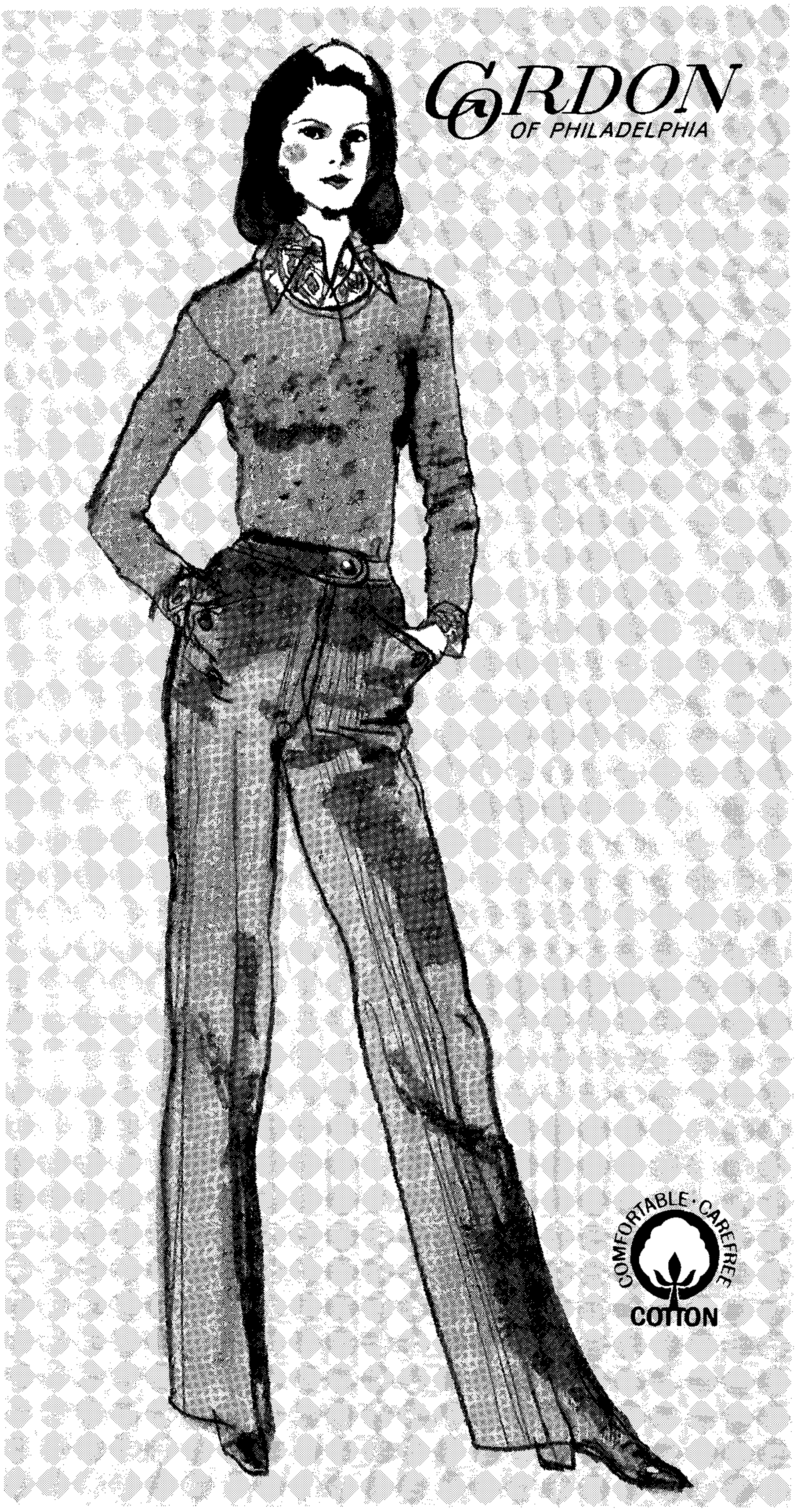
—*Heloise Cruse's column in the Morristown (N. J.) Morris County's Daily Record.*

Your husband sounds like quite a reader.

•

Waldheim's intention on the bombing, said Bush, was that "if it was going on it ought to stop. The U. S. government accepts this explanation. . . . I respect the Secretary General as a man who's got this restless quest for peace motivating him."—*The Post.*

Just another nut.



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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

LETTER FROM HANOI

AUGUST 1ST

MORE than any other capital in the world, probably—and maybe in history as well—Hanoi has grown accustomed to living with war. The city takes its lumps less in the heroic style of London during the blitz than in the spirit of New York at rush hour. Life is unpleasant, and there is an evident need to subordinate self to a larger interest. Still, the misery wears a familiar aspect. It comes in short bursts, and people act in the certain conviction that the trouble will somehow be surmounted.

One reason trouble seems routine is that the American bombing is routine. Almost every day around noon, for instance, a pilotless reconnaissance plane flies in to photograph Hanoi. It moves so rapidly that there is no warning of its approach, and there is small chance for hits by either anti-aircraft guns or the surface-to-air missiles, known as SAMs, that the North Vietnamese have received from the Russians. Only the noise of the drone's breaking through the sound barrier announces its advent. It is a startling noise—like a sudden clap of thunder—but after almost four months of bombing hardly anybody in Hanoi bothers to look up. The drone is dismissed with a shrug as "the noon plane."

Even serious air raids—the raids of June 27th, July 4th, and July 22nd—have a regular pattern. Danger is first signalled by a pre-alert, broadcast through loudspeakers all over town, which announces that American planes have been sighted approaching Hanoi, usually from the southwest, at a distance of more than fifty kilometres—about thirty miles. A second pre-alert, soon afterward, announces that the planes are within the fifty-kilometre radius. Then, within a few minutes, the alert itself sounds—a long, wailing siren note that rises, dips, and then rises again. Minutes later, the planes come into sight—fighter-bombers, floating lazily and then diving on targets to drop bombs, which can be heard as they explode though not seen as they fall. As soon as the planes are visible, the racket of the anti-aircraft guns begins. Almost simultaneously, the SAMs can be seen, powered upward by rocket engines that give off a faint red glow. During the raid of July 4th, it was possible to follow the glow of a missile until a plane was struck and sent spinning to earth, trailing a cloud of black smoke. More often, the SAMs miss the planes, enter the upper atmosphere, and explode in a puff of white vapor. Then, suddenly, the planes are gone, and the siren is sounded on a steady note, signalling the all-clear. Several of the embassies here record the raids, both on film and on tape. The diplomats play the films and tapes over and over, and there has developed among them a kind of connoisseurs' taste in raids. One Canadian representative, before playing his recordings of the July 4th raid, remarked to me, "Visually, June 27th was a better raid, but sonically July 4th was superior." Listening to the recording, I had a chance to clock the raid; from first pre-alert to all-clear, it lasted twenty-seven minutes.

Short though the attacks are, they dominate life in Hanoi. A considerable part (some say forty per cent, some say twenty per cent) of the city's population has been removed to places of safety, in the mountains fifty miles northwest of Hanoi and elsewhere. Most of the government leaders seem to have left, apparently for a mountain hideout. Large numbers of young children have been evacuated, and the streets of Hanoi seem, by Asian standards, empty of boys and girls; when I went to change money recently at the state bank (a formidable pile that in French colonial days housed a main office of the Banque de l'Indochine), one of the women tellers had with her her little girl, who had come in from an evacuation camp for a couple of days.

As a further safety measure, virtually all public gatherings have been stopped. No films are being shown. The theatres are shut down, as are all museums. Boating on the Little Lake, a chief recreation spot in downtown Hanoi, has been suspended. The International Club, which has a pool where diplomats used to seek relief from the terrible hundred-degree heat of summer days, has been closed. Sunday Mass at the Cathedral is now said at four-thirty in the morning. The central markets have regulations to discourage shoppers from dawdling over their purchases, and an effort has been made to put decentralized, travelling markets in all neighborhoods.

PLEDGES
ACCEPTED
Modell

THE extent of the damage done by the bombing is hard to determine, especially for foreigners. We are restricted in our movements, and since even the driving of cars is forbidden, correspondents and diplomats must rely on government-assigned chauffeurs to get around. The general impression among Western diplomats is that, for reasons of morale, the government understates bombing losses. In trips I took outside Hanoi, I saw evidence of considerable destruction and death. The two main bridges leading east from Hanoi to the port of Haiphong have been bombed out, and the port itself is in ruins. All the major bridges on the road lead-

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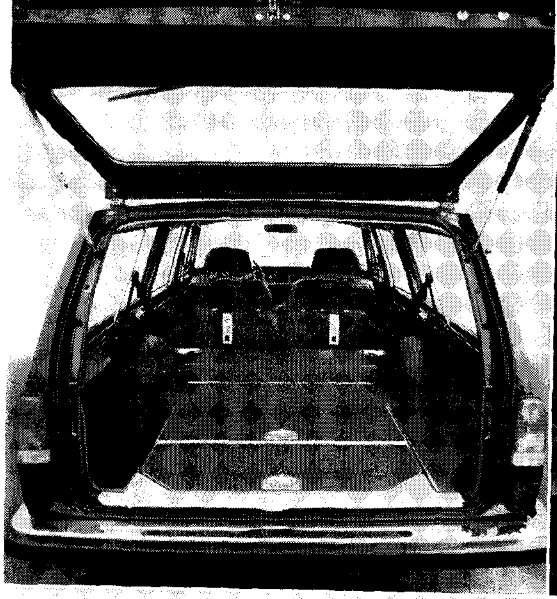

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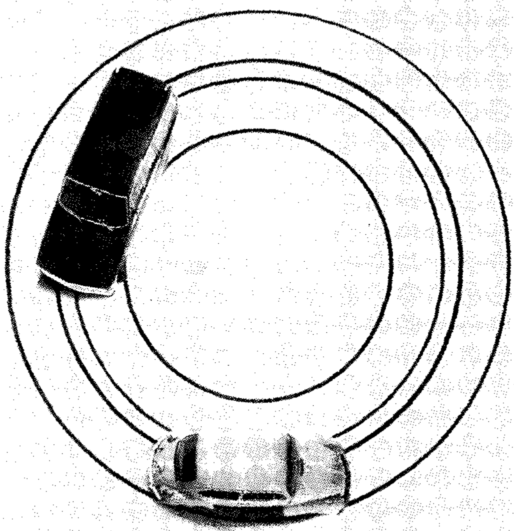

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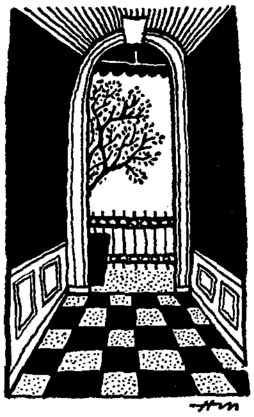
ing south to the Demilitarized Zone and the front lines have also been destroyed. The textile town of Nam Dinh, about forty-five miles southeast of Hanoi, has been badly battered, and presumably all towns farther south have been even more badly battered. South of Hanoi, I saw two spots where American bombs had seriously damaged the network of dikes that prevents the Red River from flooding in the rainy season (from mid-May through September): near Phu Ly, I saw a sluice gate that had been smashed; south of Nam Dinh, I saw a dike badly cracked and pitted by bomb craters. The hits were probably accidental, since both sites were close to more likely targets—roads and a railroad. But they did take place, and, in a sense—given the extent of the dikes (twenty-seven hundred miles), the number of bombing sorties daily over North Vietnam (about three hundred), and the probable error made by the pilots (quite substantial, in my judgment)—they were bound to take place. If the hitting of the dikes was not deliberate, it was surely predictable.

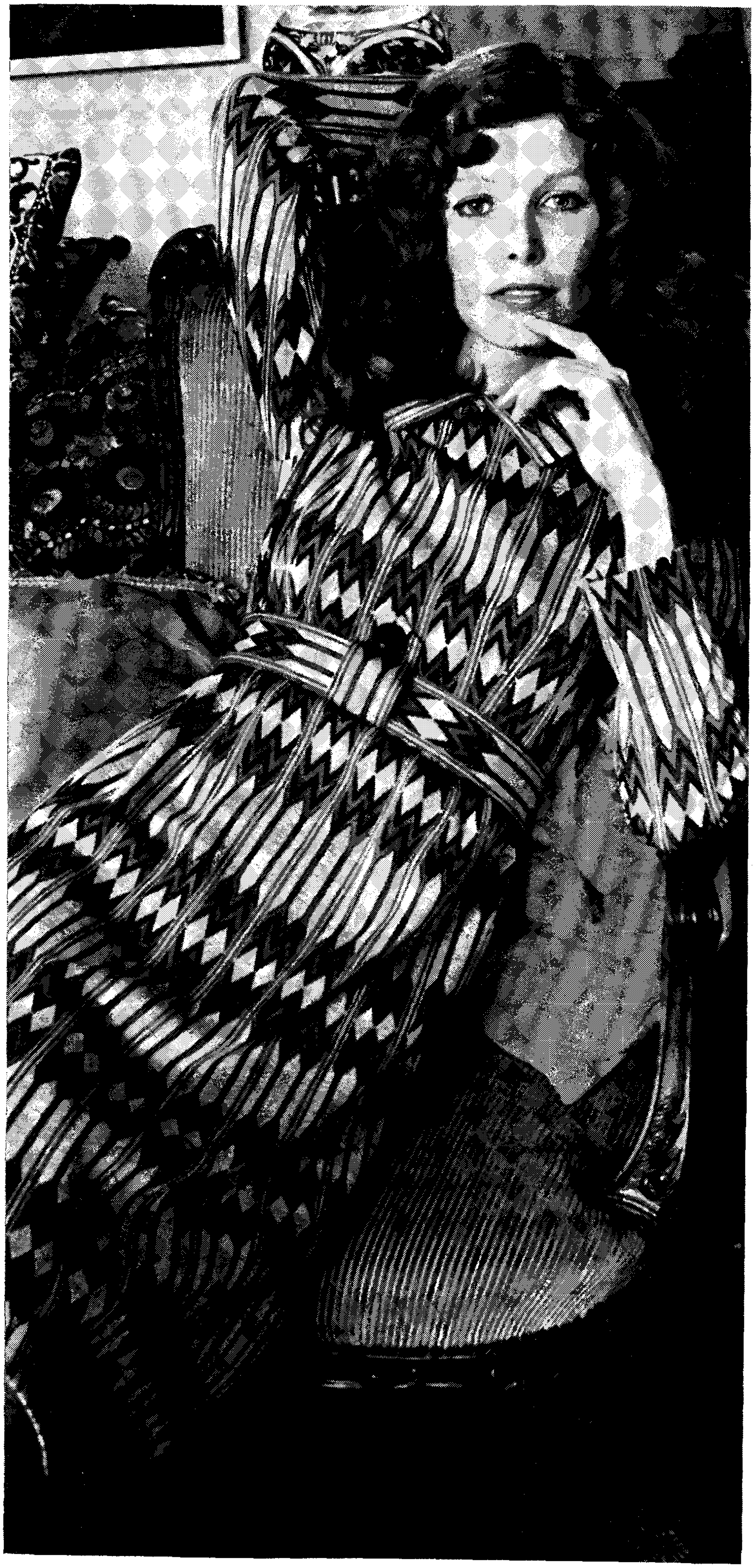
On the morning of July 8th, I visited a town thirty-six miles east of Hanoi—a trading center called Hung Wen, with a population of about twenty thousand—within twenty-four hours after it had been struck by American planes. The bombs had hit an area about a thousand yards long and five hundred yards wide in the middle of town. According to the local authorities, eighteen blast bombs had been dropped, along with four anti-personnel bombs; each of the latter contains 192,500 steel pellets, which are hurled through the air when the bomb explodes. Seventeen persons were killed and twenty-five wounded. Forty-three houses were destroyed, thirty-six by fire and seven by the force of concussion. One of the houses destroyed belonged to Vo Nguyen Dam. He and two of his children were killed; his wife and three other children survived. In the rubble of their home, I met one of the survivors, a married daughter. She had been burned in the attack, and was poking about in a dazed way. Bits of a body—a charred jawbone, a hank of hair, what looked like a leg—were lying around, and she was trying to assemble them. She kept muttering, “My brother and sister were innocent.”



Another destroyed home belonged to Nguyen Van Lam, a seventy-two-year-old grandfather. He said that he was a Catholic and that his family had been saying prayers when the attack came. His wife, his only son, and his grandson had all been killed. He stood in the rubble, a toothless old man dressed in brownish-red pajamas, and raised his fists to the heavens. “I feel deep hatred against the Americans!” he shouted. “As long as I live, I will have hatred in my heart!”

All sixteen beds in the emergency ward of the local hospital were filled. As I entered, I saw a five-year-old boy, his body covered with burns. There was a thirteen-year-old girl whose left leg had been severed just above the knee. There were two children whose bodies were full of steel pellets from the anti-personnel bombs. The doctor who took me around said as we emerged from the ward, “You Americans say you do not mean to kill people. Why, then, do you use anti-personnel bombs?”

Some sections of Hanoi proper have been bombed. I was shown three public-housing projects, comprising about five hundred apartments, that had been destroyed in the raids of June 27th and July 4th. The authorities claim that the raid of July 22nd knocked out a water-purifying plant. I was told that hospitals and schools had been hit in raids during the spring. The industrial power plant for the city has been destroyed, and the electric current that emanates from the remaining power plant is feeble and subject to repeated failure. But otherwise Hanoi is remarkably intact. It bears the aspect of a nineteenth-century French provincial capital, very clean and rather drab, with broad, tree-lined avenues and airy public buildings of reddish or mustard-colored concrete. The working day starts around dawn, breaks at eleven for four hours, and resumes at three in the afternoon for another four hours. At the beginning and end of every break, the streets are filled with men and women going to and from offices, shops, and factories. The men wear sandals, cotton trousers, and short-sleeved sports shirts, usually white and open at the neck. The women are dressed in the traditional *ao dai*, and they all seem to have the lissome beauty made so familiar to Americans by the women of South Vietnam. Compared



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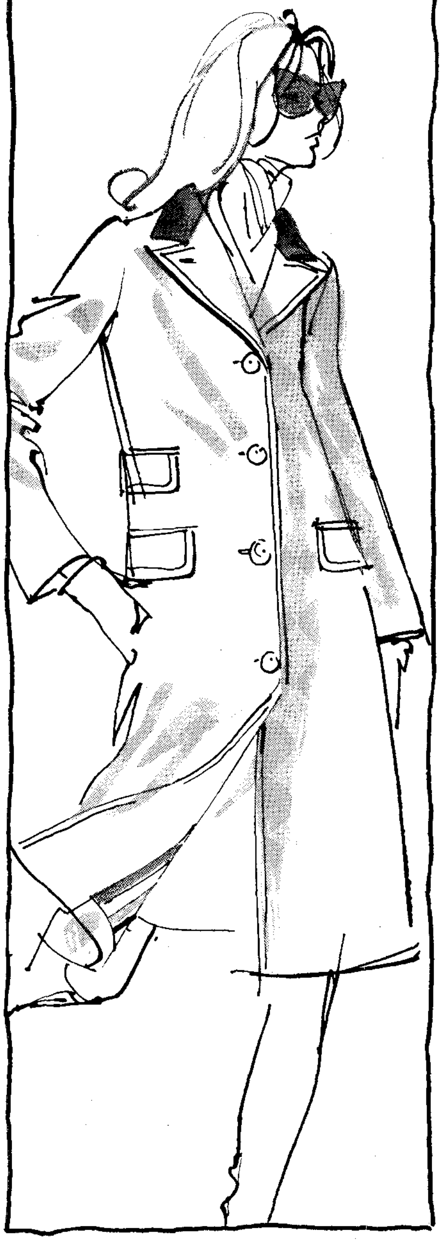

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*HIGHER FAR WEST ®DUPONT REG. T. M.

with Saigon, where the streets are messy with beggars, prostitutes, peddlers, and families cooking on the sidewalks, Hanoi has almost no street life. The police and the military, both highly visible in Saigon, are rarely seen in Hanoi; even their manning of checkpoints at the city gates—by soldiers in little huts, which they rarely leave—is discreet.

Most shopping is done in the early morning, and the closest thing to a crowd in Hanoi is the collection of housewives bustling about the central market just after dawn. By making huge purchases of food, both abroad and from peasants at home, and by rationing such goods as rice and cloth, the government keeps the prices of necessities within the reach of a consuming public whose earnings average ninety dong, or thirty dollars, a month. Rationed rice (under a system that allots thirty-three pounds a month to a worker, nineteen to a child, and thirty to a government minister) costs about six and a half cents a pound. When I visited the market, beef was going for about forty-five cents a pound, fresh carp for thirty-five cents a pound, fish sauce for twenty cents a pound, and fresh eggs for a dollar a dozen. Pineapples cost twenty cents apiece, tomatoes thirty-five cents a pound. Ducks were being sold, live, at thirty cents a pound.

Goods other than food are bought at government-controlled department or specialty stores. At one department store, I priced soap at twenty cents a bar for a Russian-made brand and forty cents a bar for a luxury item from East Germany, conical hats at eighty cents apiece, plastic raincoats at a dollar apiece, and sleeping mats at forty cents. Sandals cost four dollars a pair, and shoes were on special sale, reduced from eight dollars a pair to six dollars. A short-wave radio cost three hundred and fifty dollars, a Russian-made camera five hundred dollars. Next to the department store was a tailor shop, and there I found shirts selling for three dollars and fifteen cents apiece, and trousers for four dollars and seventy-five cents a pair. Next to the tailor shop was a Western restaurant—the Restaurant of European Dishes. Its menu, which was displayed, in the Continental style, outside the entrance, included a beef dish for thirty cents, an omelette for thirty cents, and stuffed crab for sixty cents. I had some of the crab, and it was very good.

The availability of fresh seafood in a Hanoi restaurant bears on one of the never-ending American arguments

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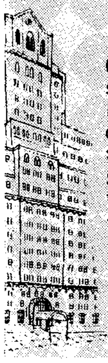

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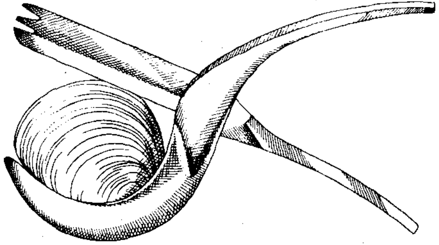

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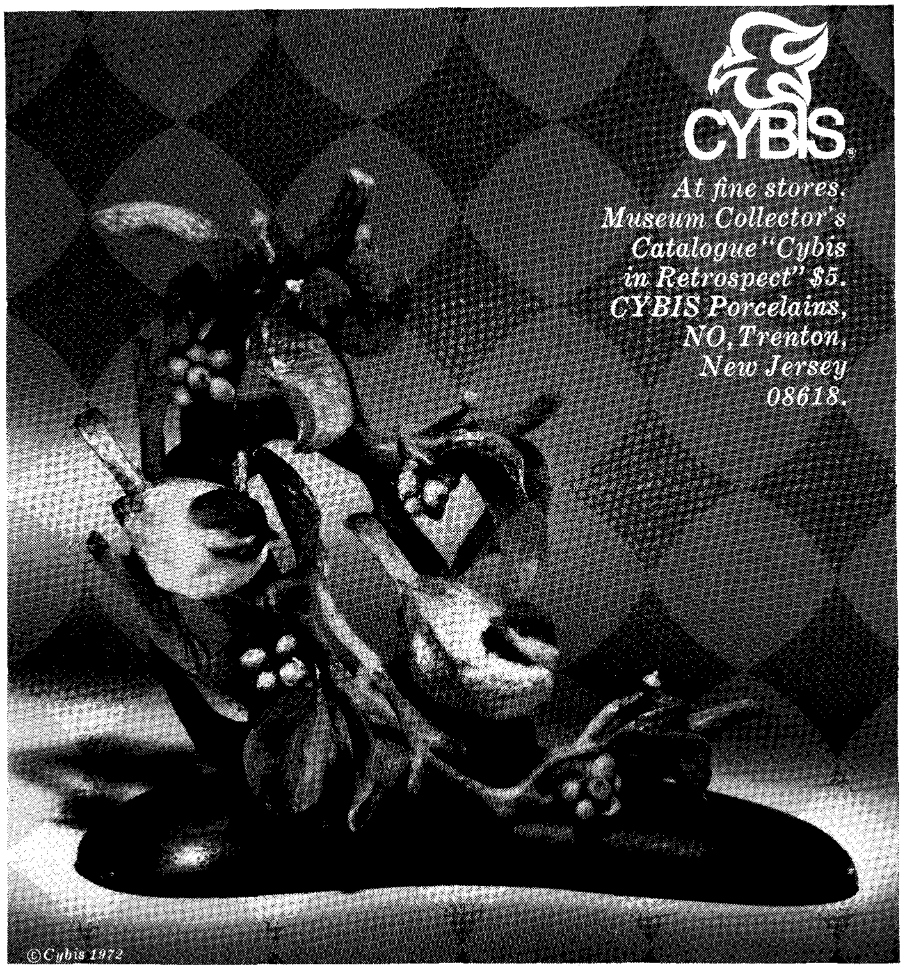
about Vietnam. Despite the mining of the harbors since mid-May, and the intensive bombing of all internal transportation lines, North Vietnam is plainly not paralyzed. Large quantities of goods move at a fairly rapid clip all the time. Trucks provide the chief means of transport, and downtown Hanoi, where the bombing is relatively sporadic, has become a kind of national parking lot. The railways have been cut at all the major rivers, but at night I saw several trains being pulled by steam locomotives on the lines between bridges. One foreign ambassador told me that on a nighttime trip to Haiphong he had counted seven moving freight trains. I myself have no evidence that a way around the mining has been found, but the Swedish Embassy here recently received a consignment of tonic water sent by sea, and curtains sent by ship to the British mission arrived the other day. Rumors persist that the North Vietnamese are unloading freighter cargoes at sea onto landing craft and other shallow-draft wooden vessels, which pass over the mines without activating them.

Laborious individual effort, systematically organized and repeated over and over again, is required to keep transport moving. Pontoon bridges have been set up to replace most of the bombed-out road bridges. Traffic moves in one-way bursts of half an hour each; at fixed times sections of the pontoon bridges are removed to allow passage of river traffic. To supplement the pontoon bridges, ferries—usually barges pushed by river steamers—have been set up at most major crossings. Sections of the railways are constantly being demolished by bombing and are constantly being replaced. Pontoon bridges cannot replace the destroyed railway bridges, but the North Vietnamese move merchandise by rail between bridges, then load it on trucks for the river crossing, and then back on freight cars. The trucks come from all corners of the Communist world—Russia, China, Czechoslovakia, East Germany—and they have been painted brown, numbered, and incorporated into a national fleet. They move mainly by night, with headlights hooded. During the day, they line the streets of Hanoi, parked in the shadow of buildings or trees and often camouflaged with leafy branches.

UNDERLYING this laborious effort is a furious concentration on the war and its object—reunification with South Vietnam. The foremost official expression of this well-nigh obses-



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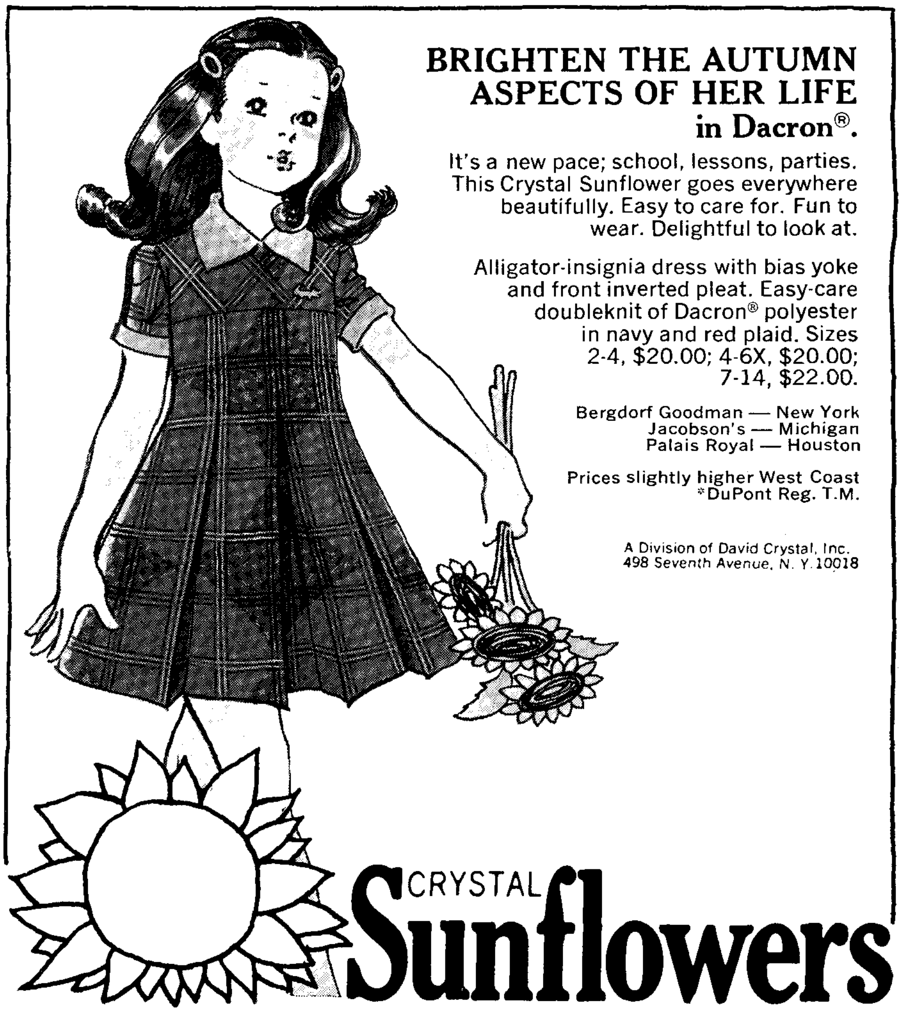

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sive focus is the last will and testament of President Ho Chi Minh, written in May of 1969 and published at his death, on September 3rd of that year. "Even though our people's struggle against U.S. aggression, for national salvation, may have to go through more hardships and sacrifices, we are bound to win total victory," the testament begins. A subsequent passage asserts:

> The war of resistance against U.S. aggression may drag on. Our people may have to face new sacrifices of life and property. Whatever happens, we must keep firm our resolve to fight the U.S. aggressors till total victory.
>
> Our mountains will always be, our
> rivers will always be,
> our people will always be;
> The American invaders defeated,
> we will rebuild
> our land ten times more beautiful.
>
> No matter what difficulties and hardships lie ahead, our people are sure of total victory. The U.S. imperialists will certainly have to quit. Our fatherland will certainly be reunified. Our fellow-countrymen in the South and in the North will certainly be reunited under the same roof. We, a small nation, will have earned the signal honor of defeating, through heroic struggle, two big imperialisms—the French and the American—and of making a worthy contribution to the world national-liberation movement.

The six leading officials of North Vietnam—Le Duan, the First Secretary of the Workers', or Communist, Party; Truong Chinh, the President of the National Assembly; Vo Nguyen Giap, the Defense Minister; Pham Van Dong, the Prime Minister; Nguyen Duy Trinh, a Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister; and Le Duc Tho, the Politburo member who sits on the North Vietnamese delegation to the Paris peace talks—have all sworn allegiance to Ho's testament. Parts of the testament are reprinted under pictures of Ho in markets, offices, and other public places. A placard bearing the line "No matter what difficulties and hardships lie ahead, our people are sure of total victory" is situated at a particularly lovely spot on the shore of the Little Lake in Hanoi. When I remarked to my interpreter that that seemed a queer place to put a call to arms, he replied that, on the contrary, it was entirely appropriate. The Little Lake, he told me, was also known as the Lake of the Restored Sword. In the early fifteenth century, at a time when Vietnam was being invaded by the Chinese from the north, the Emperor Le Loi was out boating, and a tortoise surfaced and gave the Emperor a sword. With that sword, the Emperor beat the Chinese. He then went back to the lake and returned the sword

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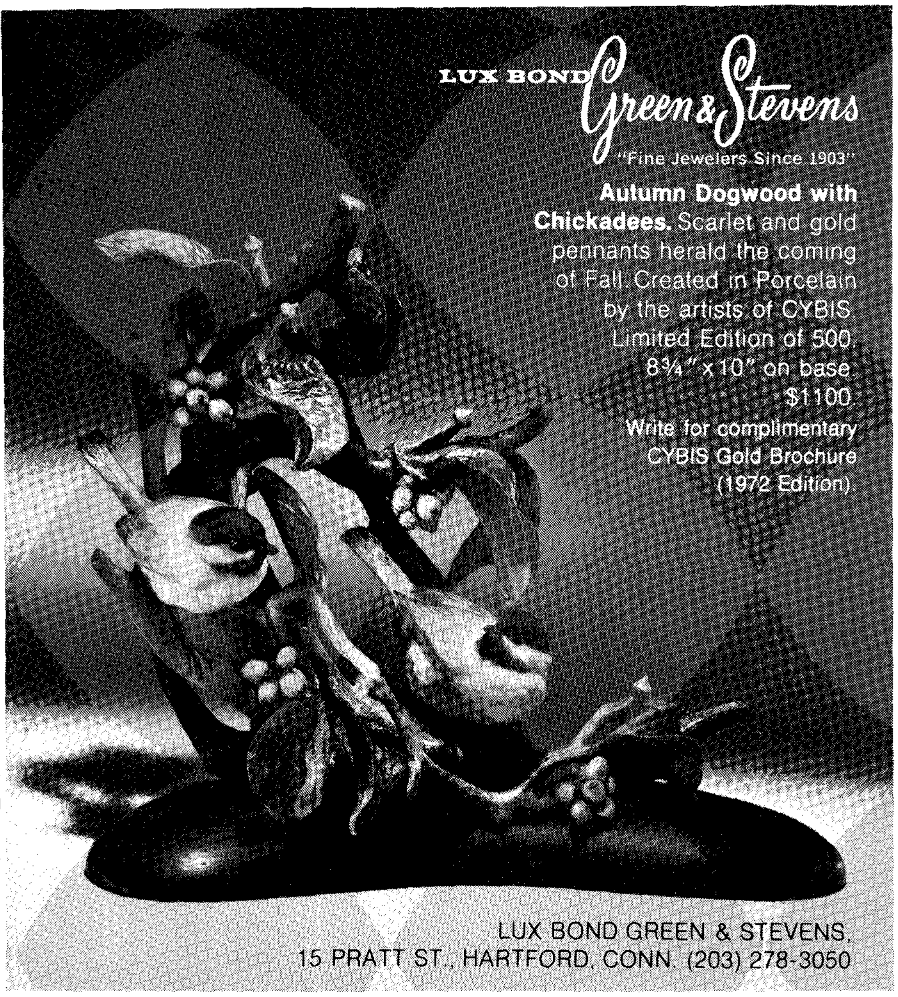
CRAFTER

to the tortoise. "The lake," my interpreter said, "is the symbol of our will to be a nation."

Another sign of the intense national commitment to the struggle is the Vietnamese radio. The Voice of Vietnam, as the radio is called, is the principal national medium. Among the twenty-one million residents of North Vietnam, there are five hundred thousand private radios and six hundred thousand loudspeaker units to relay broadcasts to the villages and hamlets. "Our main subject is the fight against U.S. aggression," Tran Lam, the director of the Voice of Vietnam, told me. "Our whole program has as its central theme the strength of our people versus U.S. aggression." On one typical morning, broadcasting began at five with a fifteen-minute program for the peasants. The subject, according to Mr. Lam, was "how to achieve high yield in rice cultivation despite the bombing." At five-fifteen, there was a two-part news bulletin. The first part announced "victories achieved in the past twenty-four hours in North and South Vietnam." The second part dealt with "threats to the dikes by U.S. imperialists and the condemnation of their action by the world public." At five-thirty-five, an announcer read the day's lead editorial in *Nhan Dan*, the official newspaper of the Workers' Party; it dealt with an anti-aircraft unit and the techniques used against low-flying American planes. At five-forty-five, there was a children's program on the subject of "how young people in the country should receive city children who are being evacuated." So it went for the rest of the day. The last program, at eleven o'clock at night, was a study of "crimes committed by the U.S. and the lackey Thieu [as President Nguyen Van Thieu is always called here] in terrorizing the students of South Vietnam." The sign-off, at eleven-thirty, was an announcement of the number of American planes shot down—with a separate figure for hits on B-52s—since the war began.

This ceaseless concentration on a war waged against heavy odds has caused some Vietnamese, particularly in the leadership circles, to see themselves at the center of world history—a nation anointed to carry the torch of revolution. In a speech published on February 3rd, which is now deemed important as an expression of Hanoi's decision to launch the March 30th offensive in South Vietnam, Truong Chinh, the Assembly President, called Vietnam "the focus of the basic contradictions of human society." Nguyen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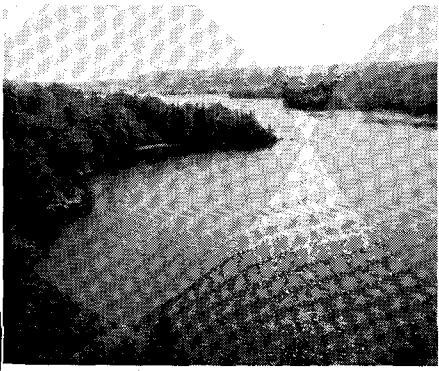

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Khac Vien, the French-educated editor of the scholarly publication *Vietnamese Studies*, with whom I had one of my rare unsupervised interviews, expounded on the theme without any evident self-consciousness. "Vietnam has become the focus of the three conflicts central to the present age," he said, as though he were stating a known fact apparent to the meanest intelligence. "It is the front line in the fight between colonialists and anticolonialists. It is the front line in the fight between capitalists and Socialists. It is the front line in the international class struggle between the rich and the people."

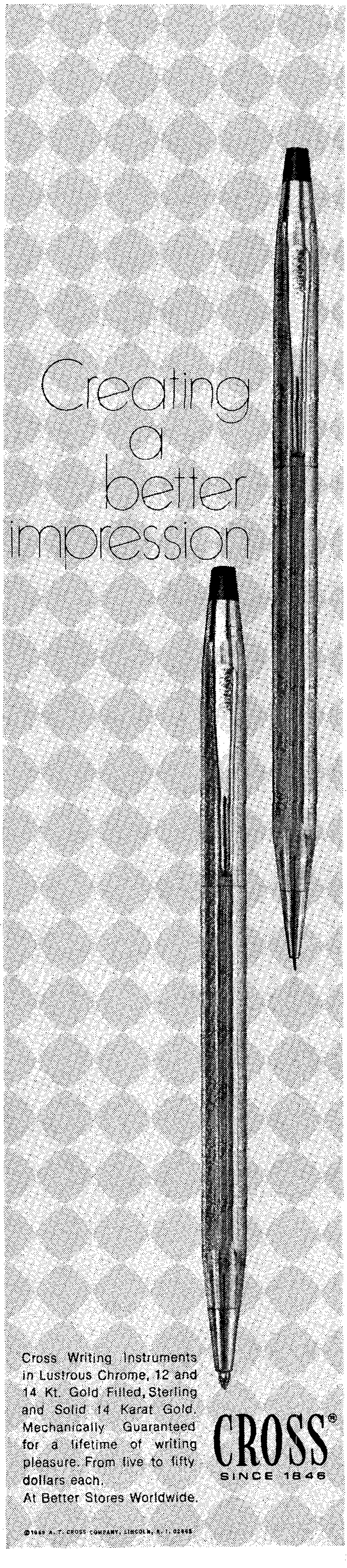
Hong Chuong, an editor of the Communist monthly theoretical journal *Hoc Tap*, made the same point with what seemed to me melodramatic self-importance. I met him in the *Hoc Tap* offices, which are in a pleasant tower-shaped building overlooking a pond. The reception room was decorated with cases full of historical mementoes, including a first edition of *Pravda*, some medals depicting Lenin and Ho Chi Minh, and some fragments of American bombs. The ashtrays in the reception room were made from bomb casings. I opened the conversation by asking for a few biographical details, and Mr. Chuong told me, "We don't speak about ourselves, because we consider each individual a drop of water in the ocean of the people. But I can tell you that I am a journalist about fifty years old."

I asked Mr. Chuong whether he was born in North or South Vietnam. He said, "We don't make that distinction. Our President, our Prime Minister, and the First Secretary of our Party were born in the South. Our country is one. The problem of partition is a problem that has been made by you American imperialists."

I asked him to tell me about the Vietnamese approach to Marxism and how it differs from the Russian and Chinese approaches. He said, "Our tradition is one of fighting, and we put it in the framework of Leninism. It is not enough to say that we have been fighting for thirty years. We have been fighting for much longer than that. We have made a contribution to Socialism in military thinking. Let me take as an example our national hero Tran Huong Dao. He rose up against the Mongol invasions two centuries before Columbus. These were the same Mongols who took China and India and Europe. They were defeated in Vietnam. Not once but three times we defeated them. And each time, I may say, we took prisoners and released them—fifty thousand each time. I once read an article by an American comparing Tran Huong Dao with Clausewitz. I think that underestimates Tran Huong Dao. Clausewitz existed in the eighteenth century; Tran Huong Dao was five centuries before him. Moreover, Tran Huong Dao was not only a great military writer, as was Clausewitz. He was also a great general of armies. I think Tran Huong Dao is a head taller than Clausewitz.

"But you asked about the originality of Vietnamese Socialism. Here is an example. In Russia, Lenin replaced Kerensky and the Czar. Lenin represented the proletariat, and Kerensky and the Czar represented the bourgeoisie and the nobles. But they were all Russians. In China, Mao Tse-tung replaced Chiang Kai-shek. Mao represented the peasants, and Chiang was a representative of the warlords. But they were both Chinese. In Vietnam, however, Ho Chi Minh replaced the Japanese Fascists and the French colonialists. President Ho was Vietnamese. They were foreigners. Our contribution to Marxism is not a question of doctrine. We have creative minds, and we are not stuck on any formula. One mistake that the Americans always make is to think that we will do what the Russians did or the Chinese did. In that sense, you are dogmatists. But we follow our own ways, and that is why you are being defeated. If there is a single piece of advice I would give to Kissinger, the adviser of Nixon, it would be: Abandon dogmatism. For instance, in chess you can imagine a board full of pieces where the right move will win. You can also imagine a board where most of the pieces are gone and where the right move will also win. We have used both tactics against the Americans."

I said that I was not sure I followed his argument, and he said, "A baby of two cannot understand an adult of forty, but an adult of forty can understand a baby of two. The United States will be two hundred years old in four years. Vietnam is now four thousand years old. Vietnam can understand the two-hundred-year-old



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United States. But the United States cannot understand the four-thousand-year-old Vietnam. Nixon said recently that the war had lasted eleven years and had been hard and long. For us, it has not been long enough. We have been fighting eleven centuries, not eleven years. We fought eighty years against the French. When we came to understand that we would have to fight against the United States, we were sure it would take longer. We thought it would take a century, and we are ready to fight for a century. But Nixon has only two cards to play now. He can destroy Hanoi. That is one. He can destroy the dikes. That is the other. But we are not afraid. Let him play them. After that, he will be defeated."

After that interview, I told Ngo Dien, the official of the North Vietnamese Foreign Office who had finally approved my application for a visa to Hanoi, that some of his countrymen seemed to me positively fanatical in their single-minded attention to Vietnam and the war. He said, "We are not fanatics. If we were fanatics, we would lynch the pilots when they were shot down, not treat them correctly in prison camps. If we were fanatics, you would not be here." He went on to point out that immoderate boasting was one response of a small and backward country caught up in a war with a great power, and that another response was to show the special modesty personified by Ho Chi Minh. "The example of our President," he said, "has had a great impact on the Vietnamese people."

PERHAPS by accident, perhaps by prearrangement, in everything that happened to me thereafter in Hanoi the softer side of the Vietnamese character emerged. A curious instance occurred at a dinner given for me by the Vietnamese press association. Among the guests was Colonel Ha Van Lau, the officer who negotiated the military cease-fire with the French back in 1954, and a former member of the North Vietnamese delegation to the Paris peace talks—a man whom I had come to know as the toughest of the tough. Colonel Lau is now in charge of the office that investigates what the North Vietnamese call American war crimes. In an earlier encounter during my visit to Hanoi, Colonel Lau had described American depredations against his country in the harshest terms. He had flung out his words contemptuously, the way a Spaniard spits. But at dinner he was another person. We

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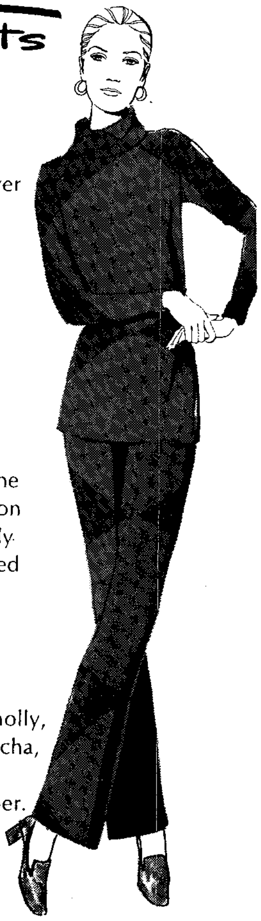

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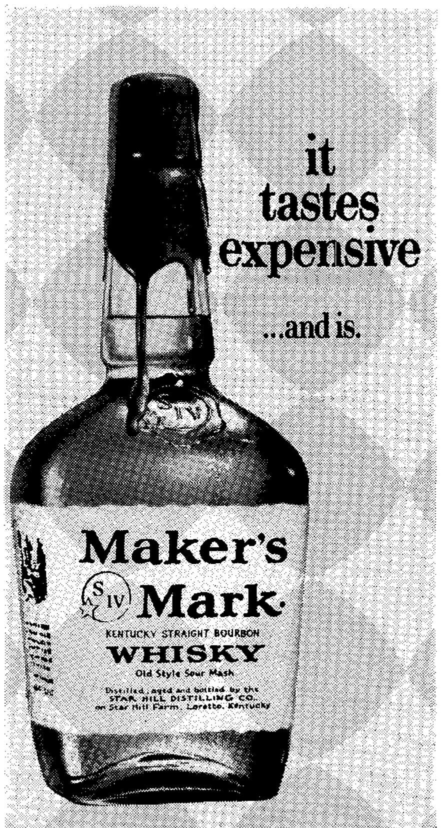
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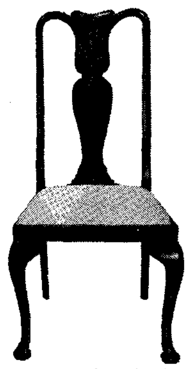
talked about President Nixon's visit to China and his trip to the Great Wall. I said that the President's comments had not been distinguished but that it was hard to know how an American President should respond to the sight of the Great Wall. Someone suggested that he should have written a poem. "Better a song," Colonel Lau put in. He said that songs were particularly suitable to memorable places. He said there was one song that always reminded him of Paris. It was sung by an American, Josephine Baker. Did I know it? And suddenly the severe military man, who sometimes, in the fury of his nationalism, affected not to speak French, began to sing, in a voice that wasn't at all bad:

> *"J'ai deux amours*
> *Mon pays et Paris. . . ."*

The next day, an interview was arranged with Nguyen Dinh Thi, a writer, whose work ranges from a critique of Aristotle to a song that the national radio uses as its theme. One of his novels, "The Dike That Exploded," was a best-seller. As secretary of the Writers' Union, he has been in touch with literary figures the world over. Yevtushenko had been his guest during a visit to Vietnam. "I liked him very much," Thi said. "But he is an actor. I told him, 'You are the Don Quixote of world literature.'" Thi told me that "by tradition and wisdom and the teachings of Ho Chi Minh, the Vietnamese people have developed a spirit of bitter intransigence in a fight." He went on, "Our people are performing now as the victims of barbarism. I regret that you haven't seen another side of us. We are poor. We are used to a hard life. We have typhoons every year. We do the back-breaking work of cultivating rice. Our tradition is that everybody helps everybody else. We respect literature more than war in our country, and there has never been a military caste here, as there was in Japan. An expression we use all the time is '*Tinh thuong*,' which means a combination of pity, compassion, and love. We know that we live on the edges of the great powers. We see that we have to be prudent and modest. We have a great sense of humanity, a sense of the pity of humanity."

At a reception the day after that, I met Ton That Tung, a distinguished surgeon and a relative of the former emperor Bao Dai. Among other things, Dr. Tung has translated into French the works of To Huu, a leading contemporary poet, who works in the



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Secretariat of the Workers' Party. I told Dr. Tung that some of his countrymen seemed peculiarly harsh to me—as if fighting were the only way they knew of to achieve things. I asked him if there was anything that he found unique in the Vietnamese personality. He said, "You should notice that when we entertain we never lord it over people—we put them wholly at ease. And we don't have religious disputes; except when foreigners were involved, we had toleration for all religions."

He asked me what other impressions I had of North Vietnam. I said something about the need to end the war. Feeling that to be banal, I added that the two sides seemed so far apart and that there was so little mutual trust that I was pessimistic about a settlement. Dr. Tung was not so pessimistic. He said, "I know your people are tired of the war. Do you think our people want to go on fighting forever?"

I found that leaving Hanoi was almost as hard as getting there. Only four regular planes a week come to Hanoi: two small Chinese planes with chancy connections through Nanning to Canton and Hong Kong; an Ilyushin 18, run by Aeroflot, which goes out through Laos; and a converted Second World War Stratoliner, which is run by the International Control Commission set up at the Geneva Conference of 1954, and which also goes out through Laos. Bad weather forced two cancellations, but finally I left aboard the Russian airliner. My chauffeur, my interpreter, and a woman guide from the Foreign Ministry who had supervised my entire trip all came out to the Gia Lam airport to escort me through customs and wait for the plane to take off. As we sipped beer and lemonade in the departure lounge, a good cross-section of the foreign diplomats and journalists stationed in Hanoi passed in review. They are cut off from normal Vietnamese life by the language barrier and various restrictions, including the prohibition against driving cars. Much as settlers in the West used to arrange their lives around the pony express, the foreign colony in Hanoi orders its life around the planes from the outside world. Among those I saw were an Arab diplomat, who assured me that a particularly tough statement put out the night before by the North Vietnamese Foreign Ministry was done for "domestic consumption," and an East European diplomat, who said the statement showed that revisionism was finally taking hold in Hanoi. A military attaché observed

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that he had recently been counting the number of anti-aircraft guns parked along the road from Hanoi to Gia Lam; it was down from ninety-six a week ago to sixty-two—a probable sign that the guns had been moved south, toward the front. A West European diplomat observed that though the Paris peace negotiations had resumed, they would probably not get anywhere, because the North Vietnamese did not feel for Nixon the kind of trust they felt for Pierre Mendès-France, who negotiated the Geneva settlement back in 1954. I also saw a Russian diplomat, with whom I shared a bomb shelter at the Foreign Ministry during an air-raid alert, and a Soviet journalist—one of two indistinguishable heavies representing *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, who were known to the speakers of English in Hanoi as Mutt and Jeff. As each of these passing acquaintances talked, my guide drew for me on a napkin the ideograms used to denote their countries. I asked her to draw the characters for America. She did, and then she said, "Literally, the characters mean 'beautiful country.' I wish you Americans would stop behaving in a way that is— I won't say it. I wish you would start behaving again in a way that is beautiful."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

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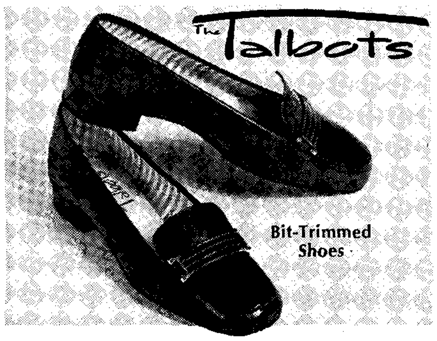

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THE RACE TRACK

How Are the Mighty . . .

THEY say that the bigger they come the harder they fall. It was a bitterly disappointing sight to see Riva Ridge, the winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes, trail in fourth, half a dozen lengths behind Freetex, in the Monmouth Invitational Handicap at Monmouth Park last Saturday. *Freetex*—a horse he'd beaten three times this season, each time by twice that distance. As the race was run, though, Freetex won absolutely fair and square. He was away well, was always in a good position, and in the run through the stretch produced a burst of speed that carried him past King's Bishop, who had led from the start, to go under the wire a length and a quarter to the good. Three and a half lengths farther behind, Cloudy Dawn led Riva Ridge by open daylight. The time for the nine furlongs was 1:50—two seconds slower than the track record. Eight ran for the purse of $100,000, and at saddling time Riva Ridge outlooked the others. He left the starting gate not far behind King's Bishop and went right along with him almost to the turn for home, where he began to shorten his stride. Inevitably, the search is still on for an explanation for Riva Ridge's defeat, and there are several perfectly reasonable conjectures. Lack of fitness is not, in my opinion, one of them; nor is the notion that he was conceding too much weight. I thought he might not have liked the track, which he had never been on before. It was practically home to Freetex, whose papa, Vertex, won the race in 1957, and whose owners, Joseph and William Stavola, live nearby. And don't forget that Riva Ridge had been to California for the Hollywood Derby not so long before. It will be decided in a day or so whether Riva Ridge will run in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga a week from Saturday or continue to just take the waters at the Spa. Well, Monmouth Park had a crowd of thirty-one thousand for the Invitational. Who said that big-name horses aren't as good a drawing card as claiming races?

AT Saratoga Springs last week, Key to the Mint, winner of the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last month, added the Whitney Stakes to

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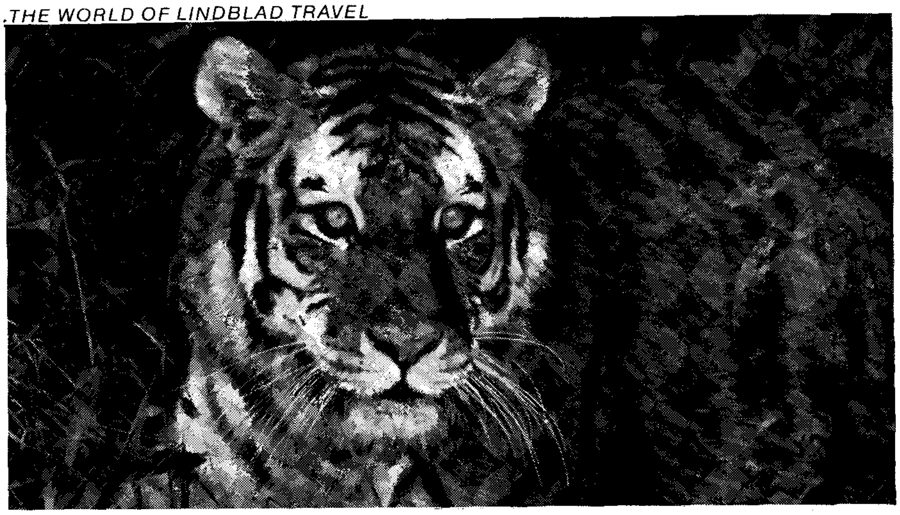

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his growing list of victories. As he had in the Brooklyn, he made most of the running, and he won comfortably from Tunex, with Loud third. Though Triple Bend, the whizzer from California, stepped along with him for a few furlongs, Key to the Mint always dominated the situation, as an odds-on favorite should. The time for the mile and a furlong was 1:49⅕. Key to the Mint is dead fit and at the top of his form, and might be favored over Riva Ridge if the latter goes in the Travers.

Except for last Saturday's crowd of more than twenty-three thousand, attendance at Saratoga hasn't been what it was in the past. Diogenes Checkpoints reports that the big winner last week was OTB. Its daily handle was about as much as it was when Aqueduct was running. Last Saturday, the shops around town took in $1,001,442! The meeting opened quietly with the Test Stakes, for three-year-old fillies—the conventional preliminary for the Alabama this weekend—and it was won by Numbered Account. It was her first start since early in May, and she was slow getting into her proper stride, but when she did she had no trouble beating Light Hearted, Candid Catherine, and three others. I doubt whether anybody except the old-timers in the crowd of seventeen thousand missed the Flash Stakes, which had been an opening-day fixture for goodness knows how many years. If the Flash had been run, it might have been won by Secretariat, a two-year-old by Bold Ruler from the Meadow Stable, who beat half a dozen of his age in a six-furlong sprint as easy as breaking sticks. Now and then, something from over the border drops in and makes a score. On Wednesday, it was La Prevoyante, winner of five starts in Canada. She galloped off with the Schuylerville Stakes by five and a half lengths from Sparkalark, Sweet Sop, and nine other two-year-old fillies. Owned by Jean-Louis Levesque, a Montreal financier, who, incidentally, also owns an insurance company named La Prevoyante, the filly is a well-made bay by Buckpasser. Levesque gave $100,000 for her dam, Arctic Dancer—she's a full sister of Northern Dancer—at one of E. P. Taylor's yearling sales. Levesque and Yonnie Starr, who trains La Prevoyante, have an eye on the Spinaway Stakes later in the meeting.

—AUDAX MINOR

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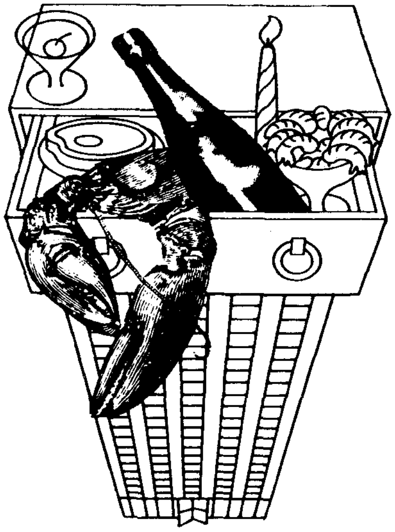

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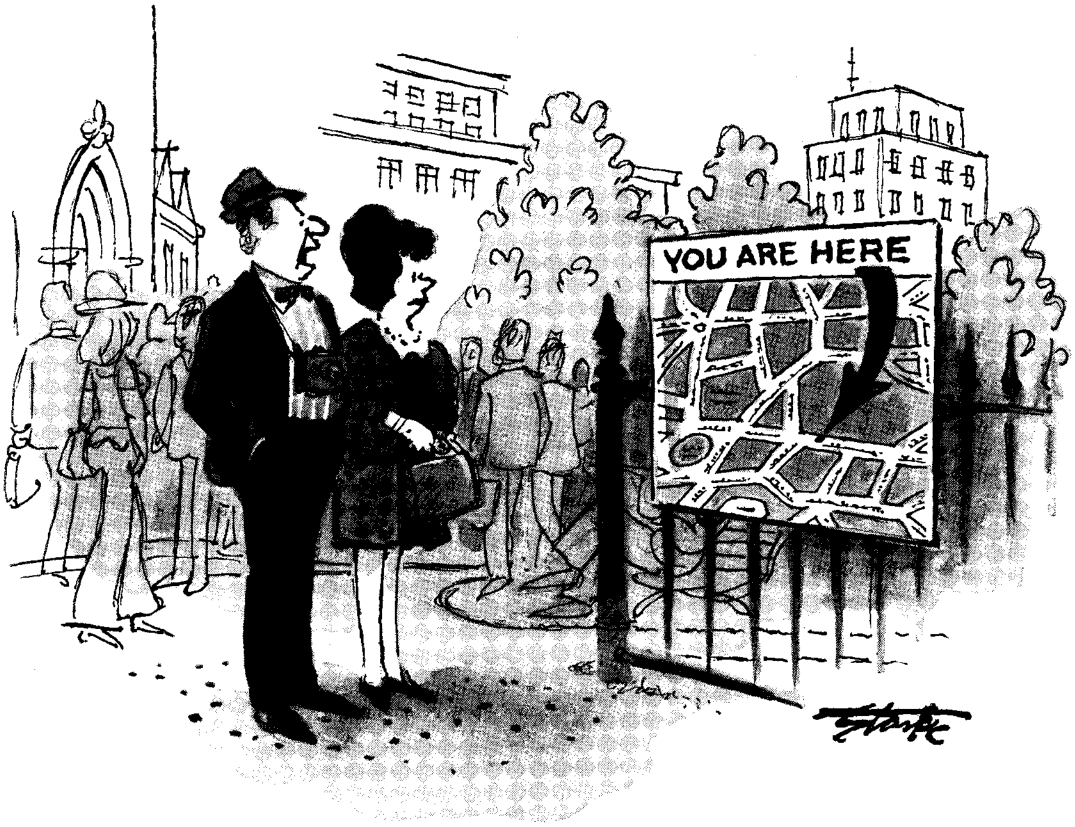
BOOKS

Head to Head

"Chance and Necessity: An Essay on the Natural Philosophy of Modern Biology," by Jacques Monod (Knopf), and "The Roots of Coincidence," by Arthur Koestler (Random House), expound views about the nature of life, man, and the universe that are not merely incompatible but totally at odds with each other. A reviewer trying to give a reader a just idea of both these earnest, urgent, and absorbing books begins to feel like a referee, or the Swiss Red Cross, or a Swedish diplomat during the Second World War. Monod, who is a distinguished (Nobel Prize, 1965) French (his book was translated by Austryn Wainhouse) biochemist, insists, with radical, ruthless intellectual drive, that life arose on earth by chance, that man is alone in a dead universe, and that there is no rational foundation for any belief that man's existence serves a purpose, is part of Somebody's plan, is progressing toward a "higher" end, or, indeed, has any discernible goal save the biological goals common to living organisms: the survival of the individual and of the species. Monod's exposition—the facts that underpin his arguments—draws on such topics as the nature of proteins and cells and of the human central nervous system. Both he and Koestler deal with technical material at about the same level as, say, *Scientific American*—they are comprehensible to a reader interested in science and philosophy.

Besides explaining the chemical interactions of living matter, Monod tears into a spectrum of faiths that Mr. Koestler finds plausible, such as vitalism (Bergson's *élan vital* or Shaw's "life force"), animism (the universe has or is something like a mind or soul), holism (all phenomena are best understood as part of a larger structure), and neo-Lamarckianism (inheritance of acquired characteristics), whose dismissal by genetic scientists Koestler here—and in his recent "The Case of the Midwife Toad"—asserts was too abrupt, as well as the Marxism in which Koestler once believed. Koestler looks into more diverse branches of science or quasi-science than Monod does: he begins with parapsychology and some scientific investigations into ESP, telepathy, and so on; then he moves on to physics to discuss the whimsical, not to say bizarre, behavior of subatomic particles, which has made it very difficult to say just what matter is. "To the unprejudiced mind," Koestler writes, "neutrinos have indeed a certain affinity with ghosts." He notes that some physicists' speculations that antimatter could be matter moving backward in time have led other physicists to speculate that there may be more than one kind of time—a possibility that may afford a scientific explanation for precognition.

Monod has precious little patience with physicists talking biology or neurology. He thinks that because living beings are so rare in our universe—so atypical of what goes on here—they and their characteristics incite inept theorizing among specialists in other fields. He is particularly irritated by a notion that some physicists have put forward and that Koestler likes; namely, that a kind of "enrichment" occurs when living matter "builds up"—when cells develop into tissues, or when tissues become organs, or when evolution moves from marmosets to men. Life, according to Mr. Koestler's physicists, does not obey the laws of physics, especially the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Nonsense, says Monod, and he describes the physical and chemical transactions of living matter to show that it is indeed obedient. As Monod sees it, evolution is not the correct pattern or metaphor for philosophies of upswing and ongo, though thinkers as dissimilar as Spencer and Teilhard de Chardin have so used it. Monod's picture suggests that evolution is, instead, the sum of countless failures. Insofar as life can be said to have a preference, it is not to evolve into something higher but to remain the same. The lingula, a nasty-looking little beast that I would unscientifically describe as part bug, part slug, unchanged in four hundred and fifty million years, is nature's triumph, and every mutation, far from representing an urge or drive toward glory, is a mistake with which biochemical machinery does its best to cope. Monod, by the way, is never afraid to use the metaphor of the machine—I suspect he does so impishly—even though he knows it is a metaphor. Koestler, on the other hand, is infuriated at what he considers the scientific



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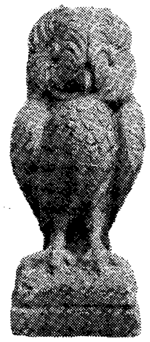

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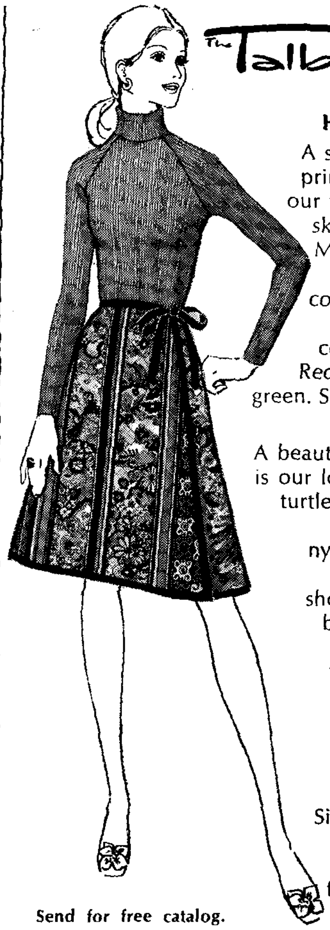
arrogance that fastened a mechanistic view of the universe on Western thought—a view he finds disheartening and inaccurate.

Monod certainly lives up to Koestler's description of scientists; he wields Occam's Razor like an axe, lopping down any assumption that in his opinion might project human wishes or the human sense of purpose onto the natural world, and he himself characterizes the scientific attitude as "cold and austere," with "a certain puritan arrogance." Monod and Koestler agree that metaphysics are (as Monod says) "always closely bound up with their authors' ethical and political biases." Monod adds that the ideas that catch on and spread are those that "*explain* man by assigning him his place in an immanent destiny, in whose bosom his anxiety dissolves." The wish to dissolve anxiety (and to exalt mankind) is almost painfully evident in most of Mr. Koestler's conceptions; the scientists he chooses to quote seem appalled at what science has done to the faiths of our (and their) forefathers, and, unlike Monod, are trying very hard to replace them with heartening substitutes. Nonetheless, those readers who have been affected by orthodox Western (if not Asian) religious concepts may find these ideas an ersatz or parody religion without religion's consolation. What gain is it for a Jew, a Christian, or a Moslem when Koestler cheerily reports that a physicist thinks the universe is not a machine but a mind? Either is considerably less than the creation of an omnipotent God who cares about *me*. Koestler's notion that all things, living and nonliving, are interconnected—a One, a Unity, to which we all belong—is no bargain compared to the firm promise of *my* resurrection to eternal life. Monod believes that human beings are genetically programmed to require explanations—narratives, fables, religious myths—and, quite as much as Koestler, regrets that none of the West's religious narratives remain plausible. Monod, however, wants us to make up no more myths, to dry our tears, and to embrace his conviction that "nature is objective, that the systematic confronting of logic and experience is the sole source of true knowledge."

I want to stop these men's arguments for a moment to recall that even before science cast doubt on traditional religious narratives, traditional narrative began to disappear in the arts: Chekhov's work antedates Heisenberg's, and it really appears as if, in some way I do not understand, belief in the Gospels guaranteed the credibili-



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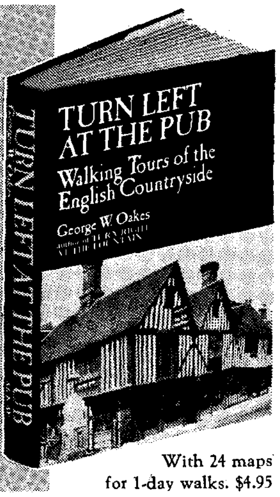

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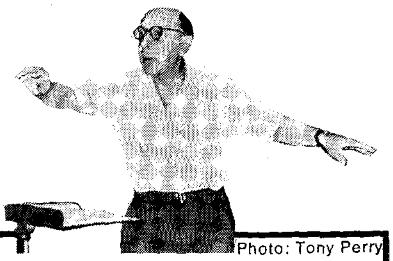

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ty of even atheists' novels. But though we still read Dickens and admire anecdotal paintings such as da Vinci's "Last Supper," nobody serious can even try to work like that today. Perhaps because of the boring intellectual pretensions of French Marxists, Monod emphatically and repeatedly places Marxism among the fusty, anxiety-dissolving, and useless fables, and this relegation is certainly borne out by the Russian state's efforts to make twentieth-century Russians produce traditional fable-telling art, which have succeeded only in producing bad art—works out of time, like forged antiques that strike experts as somehow unlikely even before a close professional examination. That the style of a period pervades everything—ships and shoes, fashions and furniture, poetry and philosophy—always seems to me as inexplicable as any natural or scientific finding, and tragic, too, for we are all locked into our era as we are into our mortal and finite bodies. We do not agree, but we fight over the same questions, and no one thinks of another way to pose them.

And Monod, like all the rest of us, belongs to now; and for now, I think, he asserts a bit too much. *Now* we are all stuck in an epistemological impasse, with doubt cast on everything we call knowledge. Monod concedes perfectly frankly that the human central nervous system does not bring to consciousness everything "out there." We seem to be fitted to receive (Monod mentions Descartes' innate ideas and Kant's categories) what we do receive. We may indeed try for objectivity, and bring the most intense skepticism to ideas that make us feel better; certainly Monod is entitled to criticize all the theories that Koestler puts forward about immaterial forces or messages we are not receiving. But the biochemist's certitudes do not seem, at least by his own stringent standards of objectivity, entirely warranted. Ours is an age of uncertainty; our art quite as much as our metaphysics proclaims it—instead of fables we have hypotheses. We are not, I fear, quite ready for Professor Monod's stern ethic of knowledge. Perhaps we can manage at least—or at best—an ethic of tolerance, caution, and courtesy.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

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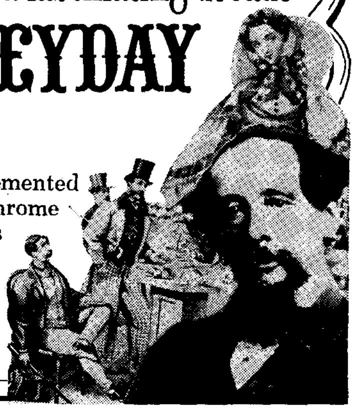

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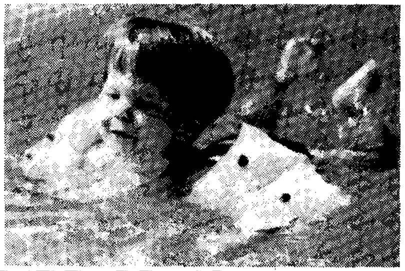

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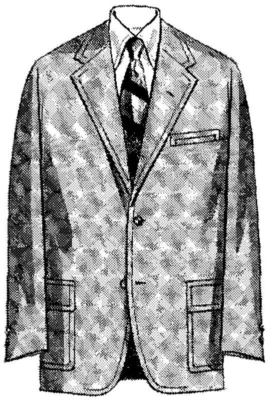

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ford does not bother to identify places or groups, but it is not hard to guess that the wrecked city he is writing about is Dublin—specifically, the part of Dublin that is around St. Stephen's Green—or that the conquering army is British, reinforced by the Black and Tans. As the story opens, three underground fighters—two men and a young girl—have taken refuge in the bathroom of a small, ruined hotel. They have had no food for days, their clothes are in rags, and it is bitter winter weather. One of their number is dying of pneumonia, and Liam, the leader of the tiny group, sets out in the desperate hope of finding some of their comrades, and perhaps even getting a bit of food. He finds two holed-up comrades, as freezing as he is himself, and he is offered food, and even some whiskey, but only in exchange for the girl. There is great ease and assurance in Mr. Clifford's writing, and perhaps a touch too much piety.

GENERAL

A SENSE OF THE SENATE, by Seymour K. Freidin (Dodd, Mead). A discouraged, and discouraging, view of this nation's Upper Chamber. Mr. Freidin, an experienced journalist, uses observation, reporting, and analysis (his own and others'), along with documents and gossip, to portray—in very lively prose—a Senate composed of ambitious, hypocritical men, with only a handful of first-raters, who are neither numerous nor powerful enough to make the others responsible, or even respectable. The nearest thing to hope that the author allows himself is in a man and a movement outside the Senate—Ralph Nader and Naderism. Fact-filled, attention-getting exposés that could rally a disillusioned voting public might, the author thinks, force senators to do their job of representing the people, for which they are (Mr. Freidin repeatedly calls attention to their lavish fringe benefits and plushy perquisites) most generously paid.

LOLA MONTEZ, by Amanda Darling (Stein & Day). A readable account of the beautiful adventuress (her dates are 1818-61) who cost a king (Ludwig I of Bavaria) his throne, and who committed adultery and bigamy, as well as some very bad theatrical performances, on four continents. (She skipped Africa and South America.) She died in Brooklyn a religious nut. For most of her

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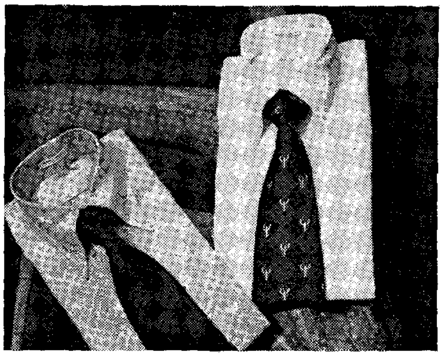

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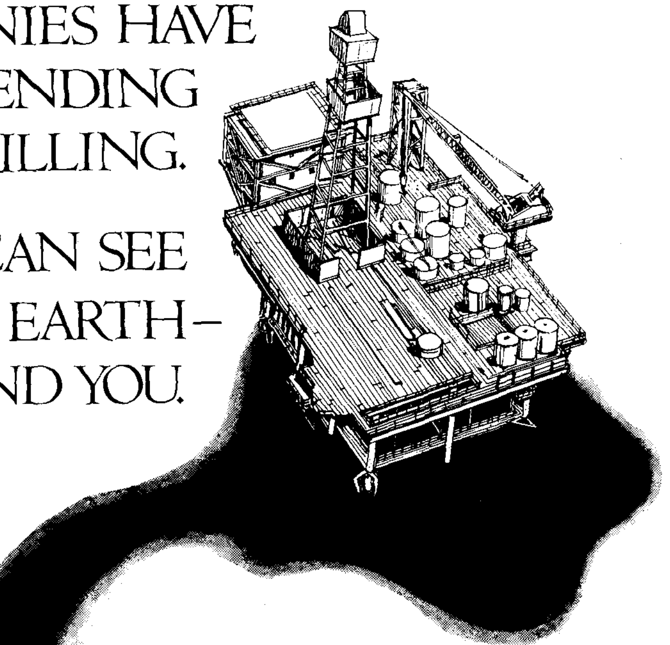

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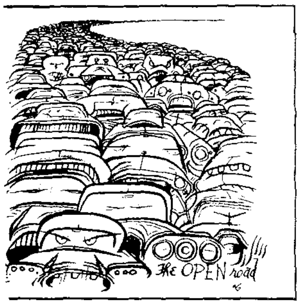

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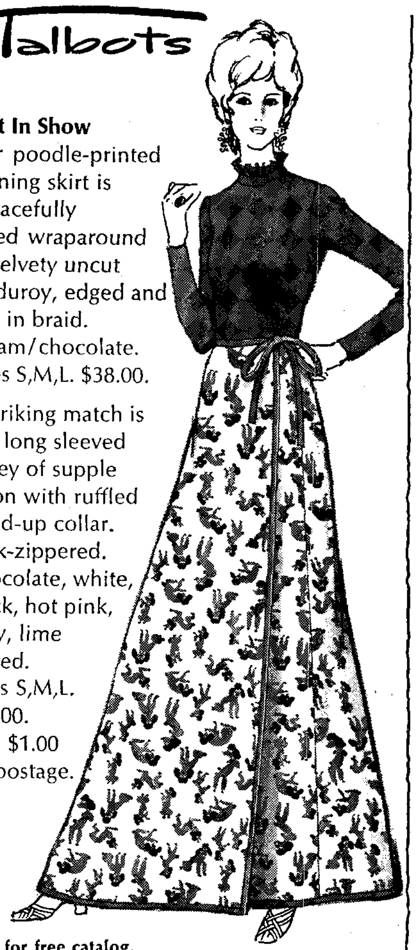

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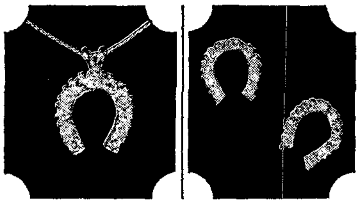

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career, she was able to get somebody to take her seriously as a thinker, a rebel, or a gravely misunderstood good woman, although—a credit to the judgment of critics—never as a performer. The biography suggests that the nineteenth century had great difficulty discriminating between a liberated woman and a mentally disturbed one.

SOCIALISM, by Michael Harrington (Saturday Review Press). The author begins with an intelligent exposition of Marxism which aims to prove that that philosophy is very different from—and far better than—the mess the Russians and the Chinese have made of it. Mr. Harrington believes that liberty—political democracy and personal freedom—was the essence of Marx's and Engels' vision of Socialism, and his sympathetic reconsideration may be the best break those two philosophers have had in the twentieth century. His main purpose, however, is to apply their wisdom, and the world's experience since their death, to the future of the United States and the world. Whatever Mr. Harrington says—whether he is arguing or hoping—his decency is radiant.

BEFORE THE DELUGE: A PORTRAIT OF BERLIN IN THE 1920s, by Otto Friedrich (Harper & Row). During the years of the Weimar Republic, as practically everybody knows, Berlin was the home of an extraordinary number of extraordinarily gifted artists and thinkers. Their works appeared against a horrifying social background: squalor, financial corruption, sexual perversion, and political violence. Do these phenomena—creativity and wickedness—have any connection? Mr. Friedrich does not answer that question; he takes his historian's mission to be telling what, not why, and he fulfills it with absorbing detail and in sound prose.

•

SINGAPORE (AP)—Customs officials have seized more than 10,500 nude calendars brought into the country since last November, nude art authorities announced.—*The Times.*

Anything wrong with professional involvement with one's work?

•

U. S. dollars are freely convertible in Taiwan, the same as before, without any change.—*Travel adv. in Sunset Magazine.*

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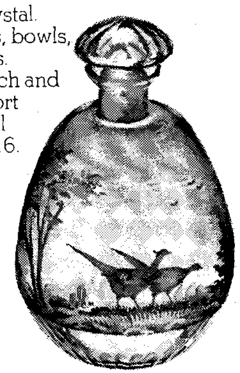

Mystery of the Week
THE LINGALA CODE
By Warren Kiefer
The heart of man is darker than any part of the Congo—where a CIA big shot searches out the murderer of his best friend.
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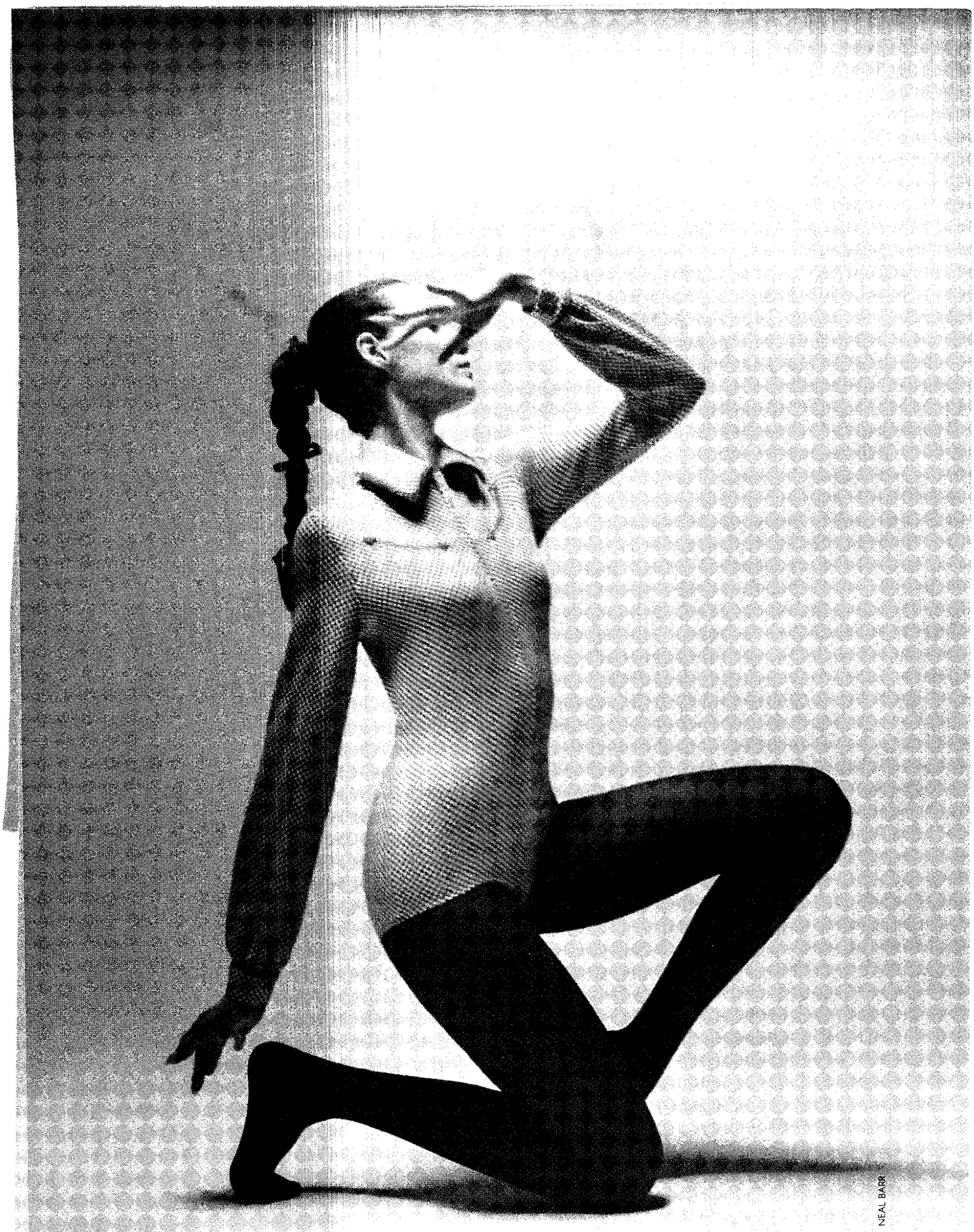

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